

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

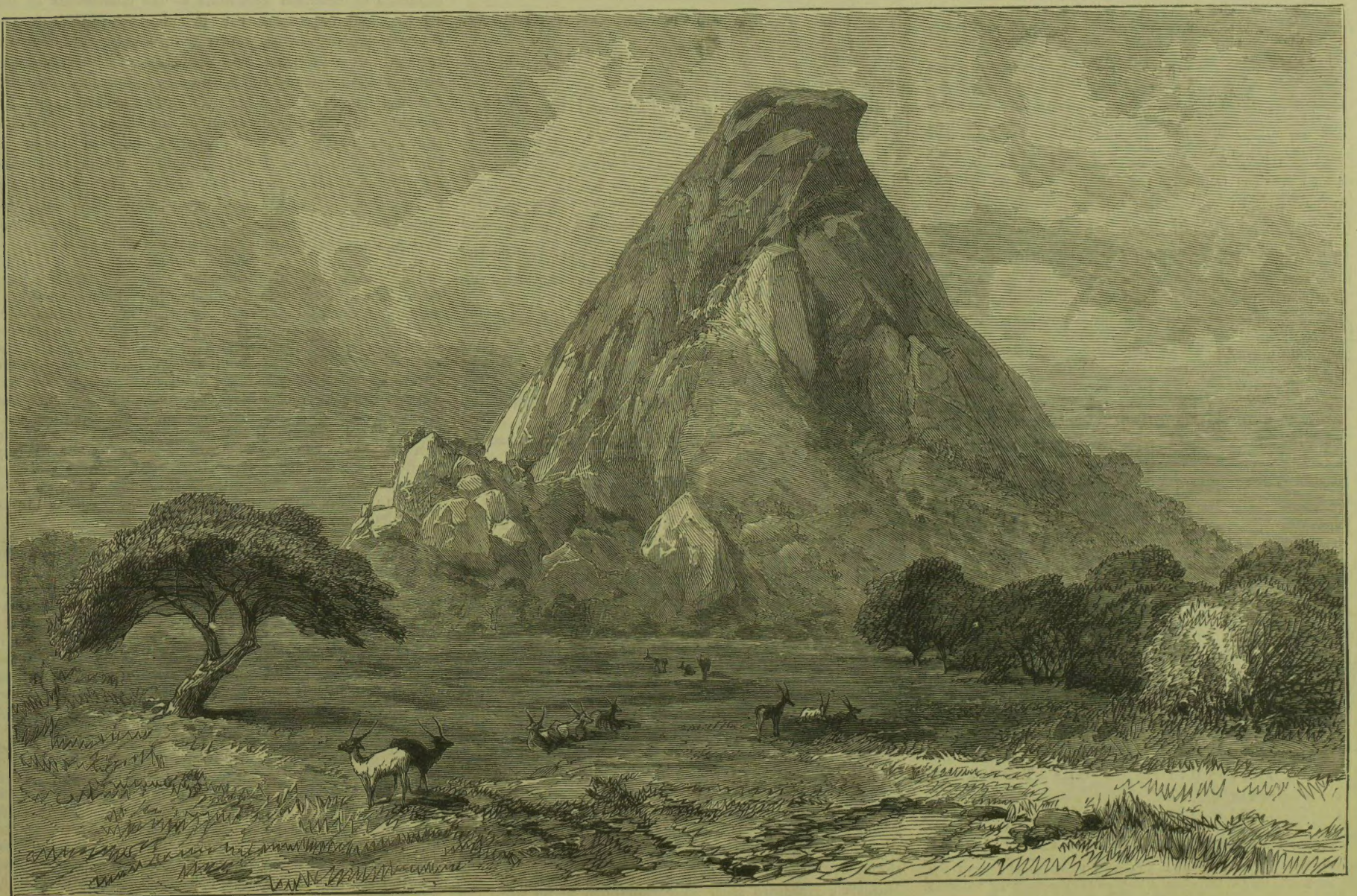
No. 2330.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6¹/₂d.



JEBEL ABU SINUN, KORDOFAN, IN THE SOUDAN.



JEBEL EL AIN, NEAR OBEID, IN KORDOFAN.

BIRTHS.

On the 9th inst., at Granville-place, W., Viscountess Anson, of a son.
On Oct. 13, at Rangoon, British Burmah, the wife of Major McCullagh,
Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd inst., at Dechmont House, Linlithgowshire, N.B., William
Herries Madden, M.D., F.R.C.P., late of Torquay.
On the 6th inst., Charles Henry Incedon-Webber, J.P. for Devon,
aged 72. He was son of the late Major-General Henry Incedon-Webber,
H.B.C.S.; married, 1832, Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Charles
Chichester, Esq., of Hall, J.P. for Devon. The deceased represented the
parent stock of the Incedons, of Buckland House, who have been seated in
Devon since the reign of Edward III.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is
Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from
Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and
Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly,
and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London
and Brighton.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the
Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class
Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman
Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Trains
from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to
Brighton, returning to Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from
Victoria, including Pullman Car, 15s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY
SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.,
calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m.,
calling at East Croydon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium
and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. — Via
NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service every Weeknight (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), from Victoria
7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 21s., 17s.; Return, 60s.
33s., 21s., 17s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE. ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are
issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton
Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand
Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's,
Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

EXPRESS-TRAIN SERVICE FROM LONDON, EUSTON STATION,
WEEK DAYS ONLY.
To CARLISLE and SCOTLAND.
a.m. a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
Euston .. dep. .. 5.15 .. 7.15 .. 10.0 .. 1.30 .. 3.30 .. 5.30
Carlisle .. arr. .. 1.30 .. 3.30 .. 5.30 .. 8.30 .. 10.30 .. 12.0
Edinburgh 4.45 .. 6.45 .. 8.45 .. 11.45 .. 1.45 .. 3.45
Glasgow 4.45 .. 6.45 .. 8.45 .. 11.45 .. 1.45 .. 3.45

Express and Fast Trains leave EUSTON for BIRMINGHAM at 5.15, 7.30, 9.30,
10.10, 11.0 a.m., 12.15 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 5.15, 6.30, 7.15 p.m., and 12.0 night. Services
under Three Hours. From EUSTON to MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL at 5.15,
7.30, 9.0, 10.10, 11.0 a.m.; 12.0 noon; 1.30, 2.45, 4.0, 5.0, 6.30, 7.15 p.m., and 12.0 night.
Express Services in 4 hours. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all Trains.
Corresponding Trains are run in the opposite direction, for particulars of which,
and complete Time Tables, see the L. and N.W. Co.'s Time Tables.

The TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD-STREET, KENSINGTON,
and WILKINSON JUNCTION will be OPEN throughout the Day from MONDAY,
DEC. 17, to MONDAY, DEC. 24, so that Passengers wishing to obtain Tickets for any
destination on the L. and N.W. Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the
starting of the Trains.

TICKETS can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at
the principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and will be dated to suit the
convenience of Passengers.

On SATURDAY, DEC. 22, the 4.0 p.m. train from London to Kendal will be ex-
tended to WINDERMERE.
A special Express-Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Euston Station at
4.20 p.m. for BIRMINGHAM, calling at Wilkeson Junction, Rugby, and Coventry,
and arriving at BIRMINGHAM (NEW-STREET) at 6.50 p.m.

On the same Evening, a special Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Euston
Station at 9.25 p.m. for NORTHAMPTON and BIRMINGHAM. Passengers for
Northampton will not be conveyed by the 9.0 p.m. Express from London on this
date.

On MONDAY, DEC. 24, the Train leaving London (Euston) at 5.15 p.m., and due at
Preston at 11.10 p.m., will be extended from PRESTON to CARLISLE, EDINBURGH,
and GLASGOW.

On Christmas Eve, the 12.0 Night Train from London, Euston (due at Warrington
at 4.15 a.m. on Christmas Day), will also be extended from WARRINGTON to CAR-
LISLE, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW.

The Trains on CHRISTMAS DAY will, with the exceptions named below, run as
on Sundays.
The 5.15 a.m. NEWSPAPER EXPRESS-TRAIN from LONDON (EUSTON
STATION) will run to NORTHAMPTON, BIRMINGHAM, SHREWSBURY,
LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, WIGAN, PRESTON, LANCASTER,
WINDERMERE, CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW, but will have no
connection to Chester.

The 9.0 a.m. from Birmingham to Chester will not convey passengers beyond Crewe;
the 11.0 a.m., Crewe to Holyhead, and the 12.0 noon train, Holyhead to Crewe, will
not run.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.

PARCELS.—Special arrangements have been made for the quick transit and prompt
delivery of Parcels and Christmas Presents, and THROUGH VANS will be run
between London and all principal places by EXPRESS-TRAINS for the accommo-
dation of the trade. Parcels should be addressed "Per L. and N.W. Ry."

Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the
conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.

Charges:—For distances under Six Miles, One Shilling per mile; minimum, Three
Shillings. For distances over Six Miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request
of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per Mile.

Euston Station, December, 1883. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous
of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended
hibernal resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at
present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of
whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in
a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the
beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the
piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north
winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the
improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and
the continuance of which work will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and
town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence
of an English Engineer and Surveyor of renown, and a thorough revision of the Town
drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A New Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the
purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn
at Cannes, there are nearly 600 Villas, furnished, and upwards of Seventy Hotels and
Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been constructed on the grandest scale compatible
with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In
many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms.
Commanding magnificent views, with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful
Gardens, with Lawn Tennis Grounds, and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided
to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shops where every article of English requirement can be obtained: beau-
tiful promenades, Churches of several denominations; Clubs, Theatre, Casino, English
Doctors, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants,
and Librarians.

The following visitors have arrived—Lord and Lady Acton, the Marquis and
Marchioness Ailes, Lord Dunsand, Lord Keane, Lady Lennox, Lady Molyneux, Lady
Beaumont, and Lady Portmore—altogether with upwards of 500 English families. The
Empress of Russia is daily expected, as also many Princes and Monarchs.

Cannes, Dec. 3, 1883.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

CLOSED DURING THE PRESENT WEEK.

REOPEN ON

CHRISTMAS EVE, MONDAY, DEC. 24.

Afternoon at Three, Night at Eight.

Great preparations are in progress for the

NINETEENTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN THE GRAND HALL

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Maquerra, Meers, Alfred Reed,
and Corny Gorman. MONDAY, DEC. 17, First Time of A MOSS ROSE RENT, by
Arthur Law Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corny Gorman's Musical
Sketch, ON THE THAMES, Concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER
CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,
at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Nine. Stalls, 6s. and 3s.; Admission,
2s. and 1s.—Saturday, Dec. 22, First Time of a new Musical Sketch, entitled MASTER
TOMMY'S SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, W.

PROFESSOR DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S., will deliver a Course of Six Experimental
Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Audience) on "Alchemy (in relation to Modern
Science)," commencing on Thursday, Dec. 7, 1883, at Three o'clock; to be continued
on Dec. 22, and Jan. 1, 3, 5, 1884. Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course,
One Guinea (Children under sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season,
Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY,
25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

Now Ready.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

THIS YEAR (SEVENTH YEAR OF ISSUE)

CONSISTS OF A STORY FOR CHILDREN, ENTITLED

THE MAN IN THE MOON;

OR,

ROBIN AND BLOSSOM, AND THE NUT WITH THE SILVER KERNEL.

WRITTEN BY HORACE LENNARD,

AND

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

SIXTEEN PAGES PRINTED IN COLOURS.

THIS STORY HAS BEEN SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN BY

AN AUTHOR WHO,

The "Daily Telegraph" says—"Is a popular young poet, and a great friend of

all children."

The "Daily Chronicle" says—"Mr. Lennard is specially felicitous in writing of

children."

The "Echo" says of one of Mr. Lennard's books—"Especially pretty are the

children's verses. The author has a decided talent in this direction. He writes

naturally and without affectation, and is altogether the sort of poet that a healthy-

minded child would delight in."

WITH THIS PUBLICATION IS PRESENTED

A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED PICTURE BY C. BURTON BARBER,

"WHO INVITED YOU?"

PRICE ONE SHILLING; POST-FREE, TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY EXTRA.

Office: 172, Strand.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:—

OPERETTES

Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT FAUST.

Mlle. Jeanne Granier. Mlle. Hellen Scheller.

Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists. Assisted by a Company of

Forty-five Artists and Choristers.

ITALIAN OPERAS.

Jan. 19 to March 15.

The following Operas will be given:—

IL BALLO IN MASCHERA, FRA DIAVOLO, IL TROVATORE.

Principal Artists: Mesdames Fides Devries, Messieurs Pandolphe, Bouilly, Vergnet, Castelmari.

The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several

GRAND CONCERTS.

at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced

between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Friday, Dec. 14: Prix d'Ouverture.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Monday, Dec. 17: Prix de Décembre.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Friday, Dec. 21: Prix d'Hiver.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Monday, Dec. 24: Prix de Noël.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Friday, Dec. 28: Prix d'Orléans.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Monday, Dec. 31: Prix de Noël.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Friday, Jan. 4, 1884: Prix de Janvier.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

Monday, Jan. 7: Prix de Noël.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each.

PROGRAMME OF BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.

Friday, Feb. 1: Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix de St. Quentin.

Monday .. 4 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix A. Yeo.

Friday .. 8 .. Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix O. Pennell.

Monday .. 11 .. Three Pigeons .. Prix Roberts.

Friday .. 15 .. Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix Hoorwood.

Monday .. 18 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix Lafont.

Friday .. 22 .. Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix Estorway.

Monday .. 25 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix du Comité.

Friday .. 29 .. Three Pigeons, 27 metres .. Prix Camauet.

Monday, Mar. 3 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix de Mars.

N.B.—The Prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of

500. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.

Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at

25 metres.

Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 25 metres.

A. BLODIN.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,

PICCADILLY, W.

FIRST EXHIBITION will Open on MONDAY, DEC. 17.**ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.**

H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

DECEMBER 15, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON
News being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to
notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid
according to the following rates:—Two pence to Africa (West Coast of),
Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good
Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France,
Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New
Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of
America; and Three pence to China (via Brindisi), and India.Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date
of publication, irrespective of the Departure of the mails.**NEW STORY BY MRS. RIDDELL.**

Mr. James Payn's Tale "The Canon's Ward" will be brought

to a close in the Number for Dec. 29; and with the

New Year will begin a New Story, entitled "BERNA

BOYLE, A TALE OF THE COUNTY DOWN," by Mrs.

J. H. RIDDELL, Author of "George Geith," "The Senior

Partner," &c.

SEASONABLE PRESENT.

A Plate of Christmas and New-Year Cards, from Draw-

ings by Miss Pollie Clarke, beautifully printed in

colours by Leighton Brothers, will be given with next

week's Number.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

The Christmas Cattle Show is the most characteristic

objects of universal admiration. This threefold distinction
is unprecedented in the annals of live-stock competition;
and in the annals of the Smithfield Club, 1883 will be
remembered as "The Queen's Year." Restricted as is the
supply of oxen and sheep at Islington, there is no fear
of any lack of Christmas fare during the coming festive
season, although prices may rule high, in consequence
of the insidious disease that has decimated our flocks and
herds.

The details of the catastrophe in the Soudan, which
are slowly coming in, in no way diminish the significance
of that disastrous event. Ammunition, as well as water,
failed the Egyptian army which had penetrated to El
Obeid. In the last despairing charge against the Mahdi's
host the gallant General Hicks appears to have met a
soldier's death. His body has been found—one hand
grasping a sword, the other a revolver; but there are as
yet no definite tidings of the officers who accompanied
him in his ill-fated march. The victorious Mahdi seems to
have at length commenced a forward movement, and is
reported to be making his way through the mountain
defiles with the view of reaching Dongola, between Khar-
toum and Upper Egypt. His lack of resources and
deficient transport will impede his progress; still more,
the growing disaffection of the Arab tribes, whose cattle
he has seized.

While we were expecting to hear of the thorough
organisation of the gendarmerie sent to Souakim, pre-
paratory to their march to Khartoum, news has arrived of
the annihilation of a column of Soudanese negroes and
some Egyptian infantry, about 600 strong, a short
distance from that port, by an Arab cavalry force. The
headlong flight of the cowardly Egyptians brought on a
disaster which will delay, if not put an end to, Baker
Pasha's expedition across the Desert—where the people
are flocking to the standard of the Mahdi—for the relief of
the capital of the Soudan. From his Ministers downwards,
the Khedive's subjects have once more shown that they
are little better than a parcel of children in critical cir-
cumstances. They insisted on the ill-fated advance to
El Obeid, prevented a relief force from being sent along
the banks of the Nile, and have failed to provide Baker
Pasha with transport. Nevertheless, the native Govern-
ment at Cairo, with an empty exchequer and a discon-
tented fellahen, ground down by heavy taxes, seem to be
still bent upon the reconquest of a territory as large as
Europe.

The Intercolonial Conference at Sydney is a sign of
the times. That assembly, representing all the Australian
Colonies, unanimously adopted resolutions requesting the
Imperial Government to take steps for incorporating in
the Queen's dominions as much of New Guinea and the
adjacent islands as are not claimed by Holland; urging a
more definite understanding with France in respect to the
New Hebrides; and protesting in the strongest manner
against the declared intention of France to transport large
numbers of relapsed criminals to her possessions in the
Pacific, and requesting the British Government to use
every means to prevent so disastrous a calamity. No one
can call in question the reasonableness of these claims of
our fellow-subjects at the Antipodes. In accordance with
the suggestion of Lord Derby, the Conference adopted a
scheme—not for a Federation of the Colonies, for which
they are hardly as yet prepared, but—in favour of
the formation of a Federal Council, which will take
cognisance of all matters affecting their mutual relations,
except those of tariffs and debts; and the delegates
undertake to recommend their respective Legislatures
to make proportionate grants with a view to defray the
cost of carrying out these resolutions, which will be sub-
mitted to the Home Government. There is not much in
them, or in the spirit in which they have been adopted, to
which our Colonial office can object. The Conference does
not at present press for the annexation of all the groups
of islands bordering upon Australia, but it is only anxious
at present to save them from foreign occupation. There
is no fear of any Power but France. Our neighbours are
already in possession of New Caledonia, and they are not
likely at our request to refrain from sending further con-
victs thither, though they may deem it politic to refrain
from new annexation. The action taken by the Sydney
Conference is a very noteworthy event. These stalwart
Commonwealths of the Southern Pacific have shown that
they can stand up for their own interests without undue
dependence on the mother country.

The report relative to the honour conferred upon the
Poet Laureate is fully confirmed. Alfred Tennyson will
ere long become a peer of the realm, and take his seat
in an assembly with the majority of whose mem-
bers he can have little in common. That his presence
at Westminster will give lustre to the House of Lords is
sufficiently obvious. It is not so clear that our national
poet will receive added dignity from the transformation.
Mr. Tennyson, like Mr. Gladstone, is an illustrious com-
moner, whose renown is too great to be enhanced by a
title. Such an association is as incongruous in relation to
the Poet Laureate, whose fame was lately described by his
travelling companion as destined to outlive that of the
statesman, as to the Prime Minister himself. Lord
Tennyson-D'Eyncourt is even less a name to conjure with
than that of Lord Macaulay. Perhaps we shall in time
get used to it. After all, however, Mr. Tennyson must be
allowed some freedom of choice, and no new-fangled title
or hereditary privileges will ever blind his countrymen to
his priceless services or impair the high literary and moral
obligations under which he has laid them.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I have been reading a thoroughly sensible, matter-of-fact, and to-the-point pamphlet in the shape of "A Letter to the Marquis of Salisbury on a late article in the *National Review* respecting Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings." When I say that the writer of this pamphlet is the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne—the famous "S. G. O." of the *Times*—the reader of the letter to Lord Salisbury will be prepared to find facts stated in a very straightforward manner indeed, and arguments deduced therefrom by a pen which has lost nothing of its old vigour, directness, and courageous simplicity. "S. G. O." good-humouredly reminds us that he has survived the days when, in pleading the cause of the then wretchedly ill-housed agricultural labourer, he was compared by a Home Secretary to Jack Cade; when a County Member tried his hardest to bring him to the bar of the House for a breach of privilege, and when he could not attend, much less speak, at an agricultural dinner without incurring the risk of insult. The times have altered; and, in their revenges, the veteran Friend of the Peasant, has been lately invited by a Farmers' Club to deliver a lecture on "The Relative Duties of Landlord, Tenant, and Labourer."

Lord S. G. Osborne holds that "the Condition of the Agricultural Labourer, as the rule, has socially, in all that directly affects his home life, much improved; he is better housed, and the demand for his service has so far improved that, if of ordinary good character, he will always find employment at higher wages than he at one time could have obtained." Unfortunately, the landowners and their tenants are just now in "doleful dumps," and the social amelioration of the labourer is checked by the general depression which affects the circumstances of those above him.

But it is when he turns to the condition of the poor in the metropolis that "S. G. O." has to draw the darkest of pictures. "We can all recollect," he writes, "the sensation caused by Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.'"

True in its appeal then, it is equally true now; but if he now lived, and again sought to arouse public feeling to sympathise with the victims of that trade competition which has raised up the race of merchants, clothiers, drapers, &c., to the princely positions which they seem to command in their trades, he might find in a "Wail of the Waistcoat," a "Moan of the Match-box" an unhappy but powerful theme for his pen.

Aye! Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne; and to the "Wail of the Waistcoat" and the "Moan of the Match-box" might be added the "Anguish of the Ulster"—made by contract—the "Sigh of the Slop-Worker," and the "Sob of the Collar-Stitcher." Forty years have passed since Thomas Hood wrote the nobly indignant poem the title of which is inscribed, as his most fitting epitaph, on his tomb. All England was roused, as by the sound of a trumpet, by the "Song of the Shirt"; but I fail to see that, in this present year 1883, the condition of the London Slop-Worker has materially improved. The introduction of the sewing-machine may to a certain extent lighten the burden of her physical toil; but I doubt whether her wages are proportionately higher, looking at the general increase in the cost of all provisions, save bread and grocery, than they were two score years since.

Speaking of "the roughs," the "residuum," the "dregs of population," the "outcast," the "rookery and slum population," "S. G. O." remarks that "a correct statistical return of the number of these miserable beings, their exact locale, by what means they sustain life, how they earn those means, and in what kind of food and clothing they expend them, has not yet been given us." In this observation there is, to my mind, presented a plainly practical suggestion. Such a correct statistical return, such a detailed account of the number, localisation, food, and clothing of the "miserables" of London was attempted more than thirty years ago by Henry Mayhew in his "London Labour and the London Poor." But what he did—and did with remarkable success—was accomplished without any aid or encouragement from the State. If anything practical is to be done in the matter of improving the condition of the poor of London, and if the agitation at present existing is not to subside and fade away in mere windbag cackle and Dodonian branglings of oratorical kettles, we should begin by the compilation of a complete and exhaustive Bluebook of Poverty, Misery, and Vice—not mere dry-as-dust tables of statistics, but earnest and elaborate reports, drawn up by competent writers selected by the Government and responsible to it for the accuracy of their statements. Let the metropolis be mapped out in districts, and a competent staff of reporters engaged, and such a Bluebook might be ready in three months. There are plenty of able young journalists in London and the provinces whom the Home Secretary or the President of the Local Government Board would find ready to his hand for the performance of such a task without the slightest danger of the scribes drifting into what is idiotically called "Sensationalism." Sensationalism. *Sae à papier!* But for Mr. Sims and Mr. Greenwood, and the rest of the "Sensational" writers, would my Lord Salisbury ever have written his article in the *National Review*?

All the way from Batavia, under date of Oct. 24, comes to me a courteous communication from "A. M. C.," who tells me of "an old British institution, the Batavia English Library," at the last annual meeting of the subscribers to which it was remarked that the library shelves were wanting in books of reference. So "A. M. C." asks me to furnish a short list of such books. I will do my best, first, because I enjoy no greater privilege in this page than that of being able to shake hands (so to speak) with unknown friends many thousands of miles away; and, next, because I have a grateful recollection of having, as a boy, read and re-read with unflagging delight Sir Stamford Raffles' book on Java. Why did we ever give it up? Raffles' "Java," Stedman's "Surinam," and Beckford's "Portugal" are three of the most enchanting books of travel that I have ever read.

"A. M. C." must bear in mind, however, that I am, just now, much nearer the Porta San Pancrazio than the Parish of St. Pancras, and that I am only jotting down the names of a few works as they present themselves to my memory. I assume that the "Batavia English Library" is sufficiently strong in works of history and geography, and that it has a complete set of the "Annual Register," and is subscribing to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To these might be advantageously added—

Jenning's "Anecdotal History of the British Parliament," Admiral Smythe's "Dictionary of Nautical Terms," Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare," Bellett's "Poets' Corner," Mowbray Morris's "Poets' Walk," "Stonehenge" on the Horse, Samuel Sidney's "Book of the Horse," Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," Cassell's "Dictionary of Cookery," Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," De Vere's "English of the New World," Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms," Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London," Beeton's "Dictionary of Universal Information," Dr. William Smith's "Dictionaries of Classic Mythology, Biography, and Antiquities," Anthony Rich's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years," Dr. W. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Dr. Cobham Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," and "Guide to Phrase and Fable," Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary," Planche's "Encyclopædia of Costume," the late Dutton Cook's "Bill of the Play," and other works bearing on plays and players, "The Faiths of the World" (I forget the name of the editor, but the work is well known in "the trade"), Bescherelle's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," the "Grand Dictionnaire" of Larousse (but that prodigious treasury of information would cost, I should say, some thirty pounds), the Encyclopédie of D'Alembert and Diderot (can be picked up in Paris, volumes of plates and all, for a ten-pound note), and as many numbers of Whitaker's Almanack and the "Almanach de Gotha" for successive years as are procurable.

"Men of the Time" and "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," of course. Murray's Handbooks are always serviceable for reference. Augustus Hare's "Walks in Rome" is encyclopædic in its lore touching the Eternal City. Gregorovius' "Tombe dei Papi" is a wonderful microcosm of the history of the Papacy; and, touching the fine arts, let the Batavian gentlemen ask their modern booksellers for works by Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Merrifield, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Dr. Waagen, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Mrs. Heaton, C. L. Eastlake, Lord Ronald Gower (Dutch picture galleries), Louis Viardot ("Painters of all Schools"), H. Taine (Italy), T. Gautier (Spain); not forgetting a capital handbook to the Continental picture galleries by Miss Kate Thompson, the accomplished daughter of Sir Henry, whom we all know. Very possibly, in giving some of the titles quoted above, I have blundered a little; but the indications, I apprehend, will be found, in the main, sufficient. Stay; by no means forget to order Dr. Benjamin Richardson's "Field of Disease," and Dr. Tanner's "Index of Diseases and their Treatment," revised by Dr. Broadbent. The last is a work invaluable in hot climates. I did not bring Dr. Richardson's *magnum opus* with me; but I did bring Dr. Tanner's more portable tome. I found its contents absorbingly interesting; and it has made me so intensely uncomfortable that I have been more than once minded to pitch Dr. Tanner over the Milvian Bridge into the Tiber.

I am really delighted to find that the proposal that people should drink hot water at dinner is exciting so much attention in England (is there a crazier people in the world than we are?) that a great daily paper has devoted a leading article to the subject. I say that I am delighted, because, if hot water at dinner comes into general use, the memory of the hero of one of the noblest of Shakespeare's plays will be cleared from an imputation of inhospitable discourtesy which has lain on it for more than two hundred and fifty years. "Uncover, dogs, and lap!" cried Timon of Athens to the parasites, his guests, who for the last time he entertained at a select *Ebuxia*. The dishes, being uncovered, were found to contain nothing but hot water. But, reading between the lines, it is easy to discern that Timon was only an Amphitryon in advance of his age. What he really meant was, "Gentlemen, you will find hot water the very best thing you can possibly partake of." A friend here says that hot water taken internally should be "so healthily cleansing." Yes, ma'am; but at the same time you should swallow some soap ('tis not so repulsive when you get used to it) and a scrubbing-brush. It is a mad world, my masters; and I do not despair of seeing the day come when, like Mithridates of old, we shall all feed on poisons.

The lines of Mr. Bartholomew Binns (I mean no pun; albeit it used to be said of the late Mr. Calcraft that if he adopted a motto it should be "No Day without a Line") would not appear to have fallen, lately, in very pleasant places. The Common Hangman is accused of having made a horrible bungle of the execution of a wretched criminal whom he had to put to death at Liverpool. The discussion which I read in the English papers has been going on in the medical journals as to the extent to which B. Binns bungled in his butcher's work, has led to the publication of a lengthy article in a contemporary, from which I cull the following excerpt:—"With regard to the method of strangulation inaugurated by Bartholomew Binns, medical opinion seems to regard it as having more defects than excellencies." This is truly sweet. Fancy "inaugurating" a method of strangulation; and any form of strangulation being "excellent."

The published accounts of the Liverpool "strangulation inauguration" are so sickening, that from the execution-reporting point of view one almost feels inclined to concur in the opinion once expressed to a very old journalistic friend of mine by the late Mr. Calcraft, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. T.," quoth the eminent *caruifex*, deceased, "there didn't ought to be no newspapers." However, had there been no representatives of the press present at the Liverpool butchery the public might have been left in a state of blissful ignorance as to what really took place on the occasion of the "inauguration."

Will anything be done towards the adoption of a really efficacious and expeditious process of putting murderers to death? There is the guillotine. It is not such a very "un-English" machine. The "Halifax Gibbet" and the Scottish "maiden" were clearly the precursors of Dr. Guillotin's apparatus; and

in 1747 the British Government for awhile took into serious consideration the proposal to use a kind of guillotine for the decapitation of old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who was so short-necked that it was doubted whether the headsman could deal effectually with him with the ordinary axe. But the remembrance of the Reign of Terror makes the guillotine in England practically impossible. There is the Spanish *garrote*. That instrument may be guaranteed to dislocate the cervical vertebra; but the preparatives of the *garrote* are horrible. See Goya's dreadful etchings. There remains the American plan of "running up" the culprit to a great height by means of a counterweight, which is liberated by a spring touched by the Sheriff. There remain electricity and prussic acid. Will anything be done? or, after a nine-days' discussion, shall we be content to remain under the dispensation of barbarism, bungling, and Bartholomew Binns?

I note in some paper from home a report to the effect that Mr. Alfred Tennyson is to be created a peer. Why not? Lord Tennyson (we would have to be careful not to corrupt it into "Lawntennison"; the luckless blunderer who called Sixtus the Fifth, "Fiftus the Sixth," always called him so) would sound well. Louis XVIII. made Chateaubriand a Viscount, and a similar title was conferred by Louis Philippe on Victor Hugo. But what would the Grand old Gardener and his Wife say? And surely if the author of "In Memoriam" is to be made a peer, the author of "The Ring and the Book" should be created Baron Browning.

From Trinity College, Oxford (Oxford amateurs have been doing bravely, I see, in a performance of "The Merchant of Venice"), "H. B. L." writes:—

I have a dim recollection of reading in the "Echoes" that you made a remark on some farce, saying that it was as good as "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," which you considered the best farce extant. If you made any such remark about the "Goose" I should be much obliged if you would let me know. . . . I am engaged in defending the farce in question against a newspaper critic who calls it "a mass of blatant vulgarity."

What I ought to have said was that I held (and hold) "The Goose with the Golden Eggs" to be one of the best original English farces which have been produced on the modern stage. "Box and Cox" is an adaptation from the French "Une Chambre à Deux Lits," and another piece, the name of which I cannot recall. "Deaf as a Post" (a most excellent farce) is a translation of "Le Sourd; ou l'Auberge Pleine;" "The Philosopher in a Smock Frock" is from "Le Philosophe et l'Auvergnat"; "Used Up" is "L'Homme Blasé"; "Ladies Beware," "Une Femme qui se jete par la Fenêtre." But "The Goose" of Augustus Mayhew and H. Sutherland Edwards is, I take it, from beginning to end, thoroughly original. Next to it, I place "The Wandering Minstrel" of Henry Mayhew, and "The Birthplace of Podgers" of John Hollingshead. As for "The Goose" being so much "blatant vulgarity," the epithet "blatant" is silly, and here has no meaning; and I fail to see how a really screaming farce can be devoid of a certain amount of vulgarity—by which I do not, of course, mean, low ribaldry, but head-over-heels, rough-and-tumble fun. When the humour is refined and the fun is chastened the farce ceases to be a farce, and becomes a comedy-vaudeville. On the other hand, there are many so-called comedies which are really only five-act farces.

I have read an anecdote about the illustrious Jenner, to the effect that he was only elected a member of some social club in the neighbourhood of his residence on the express condition that he would never turn the conversation in the direction of vaccination. It would be scarcely surprising to learn that the committee of some social club in London had framed a rule declaring to be ineligible for election any candidate who was notoriously addicted to talking about conger-eel. I am not, happily, a candidate for admission to any club; but I own to having been a sad sinner as regards conger-eel garbality. But what is to be done? Am I to consign unnoticed to the waste-paper basket the communication of a reverend and valued correspondent, "R. H." (Didcot), who sends me a really good story about conger?

My correspondent was Chaplain to the Lord Mayor in 1847-8, and he never heard of the stock of turtle soup being made from conger eel. But only a few days since he learned from a "Sussex man," who is at present the proprietor of a restaurant in the Far West of London, that more than thirty years since the Lord Mayor of London happened to be a Sussex man, and sometime during his mayoralty went down in state, accompanied by the Sheriffs, &c., to his native town, where he entertained the leading inhabitants at a grand banquet. "There was turtle soup in abundance;" (it is the West-End restaurateur who is speaking) and I now possess and can show you the recipe for the turtle soup which was thus bountifully bestowed, and which was all made of conger. The Sussex man has promised to give my reverend correspondent a copy of the recipe which "R. H." has kindly undertaken to show to me. Its production should dispose of the rash assertion of the gentleman in the *Times*, who said that "there was not a word of truth" in the original statement of Sir Henry Thompson.

Of course I have received a shoal of letters from legal correspondents enlightening me as to the difference formerly existing between a solicitor and an attorney; but, wonderful to relate, not one of these epistles has borne the slightest reference to such sums as thirteen and fourpence and six and eightpence; nor even to the festive "five shillings for this application." "Law Student" writes:—

Prior to the Judicature Act, 1873, attorneys, or, in full, "attorneys-at-law," were officers of the Common Law Courts, while solicitors were officers of the Court of Chancery; the majority of the profession, or, at any rate, a large proportion of it, were both; but, even when they were not so, since solicitors had a higher reputation, attorneys were only too pleased to receive the former title, although they had no right thereto. . . . The Judicature Act, 1873, abolished the separate jurisdictions of the Common Law and Chancery Courts, and transferred the jurisdiction of both to one "Supreme Court," and, in furtherance of this principle of amalgamation, enacted that all attorneys and solicitors entitled to practise in any of the courts whose jurisdiction was so transferred should become solicitors of the Supreme Court.

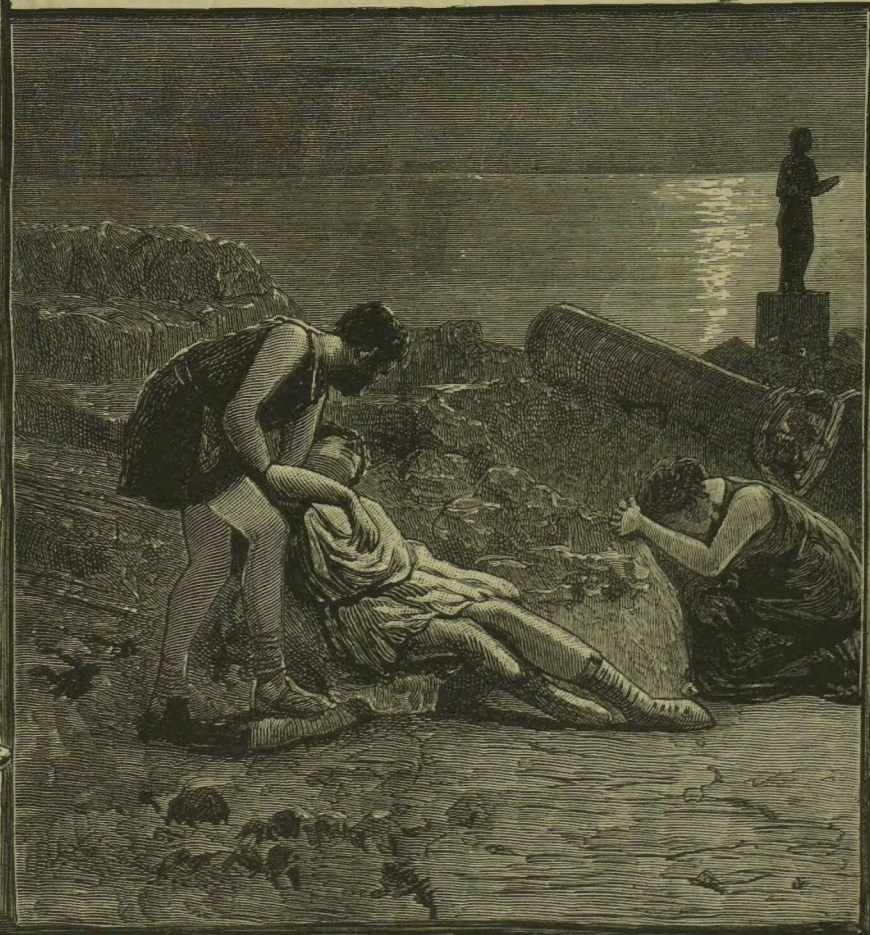
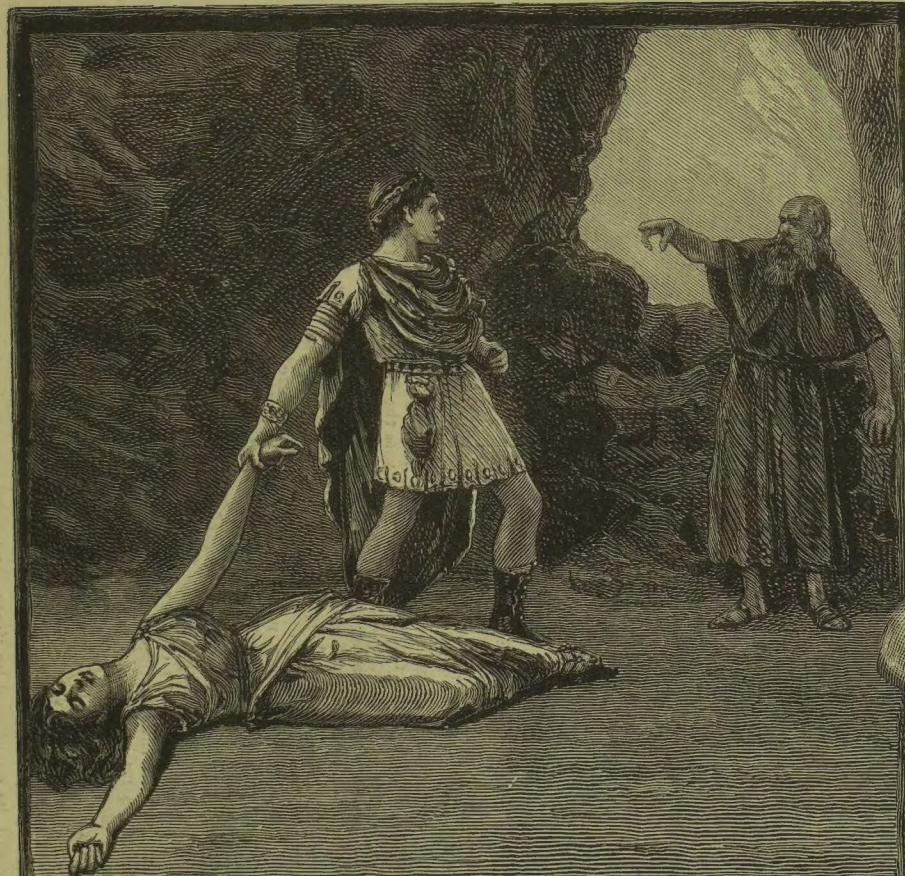
I am obliged to "Law Student" and my other legal correspondents; but my feelings have been painfully shocked by the cynical levity displayed by a lady who (in a beautifully symmetrical Italian hand) tells me that "the only difference between an attorney and a solicitor is that existing between an alligator and a crocodile." Cruellest of Madams! G. A. S.



DONGOLA, IN THE SOUDAN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAHDI.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BAKEWELL.



THE NILE BETWEEN THE CEMETERY OF ASSOUAN AND THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.



The Earthquake.

Claudian, a Roman Noble (Mr. Wilson Barrett).

Rescue from the Earthquake.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We refer to preceding accounts of the different countries to the south of Egypt which are collectively termed the Soudan, and some part of which has already fallen into the power of the Mahdi, the leader of an Arab Mussulman insurrection that seems likely to effect considerable changes in that region of East Africa. It was mentioned that this personage, Mohammed Ahmed, a noted Dervish, is a native of Dongola, the locality of which may be seen in our Sketch Map of the central part of the Soudan, published a fortnight ago. We now present a view of Dongola, looking south, from a sketch by Mr. Bakewell, of the Soudan railway survey party. The line, designed by Mr. John Fowler, was surveyed all the way up the Nile to Dongola, and then into the Soudan as far as the town of Fasher, in Darfur, south-west of Dongola. Dongola would naturally have been the starting-point of the extension into the Soudan. In our view the principal building, nearest the Nile, is the Governor's residence. It is a quadrangle, with a garden on its northern side. The Governor resides in the part next to this, the wing or side of the quadrangle. Next the river is the prison; so it seems that here, as in Venice, we have "a palace and a prison" in very close conjunction. To the south of the palace is the post office. The street between it and the Governor's residence leads up to an open space where the survey party encamped in their tents. Beyond that is the Bazaar, with a two-storied gateway. Still farther from the river comes the desert, with hills in the distance. This town is New Dongola, on the left bank of the Nile. Old Dongola was higher up, on the right or east bank. All that is left of it now is an old Coptic church, with a solitary priest belonging to it. The people of the town have all moved to New Dongola.

We also present two sketches of the Korofan Mountains. Jebel El Ain is an Arabic name, well known, and means "Mount of the Fountain." It is a hill about twenty miles south-east of El Obeid, where it is possible that Hicks Pasha's army may have suffered its defeat, as his route to El Obeid from Duem must have led him in this direction. Jebel Abu Sinan is to the north-west of El Obeid, and is given as an illustration of the character of the country, showing what the hills and defiles are like. It was at a spot similar to this that the final struggle between the forces of Hicks Pasha and the Mahdi took place. These views are copied from the French book of M. L'Escauyer de Lauture.

The illustration of "Bashi-Bazouks on the March, Halting for Prayer," gives a vivid idea of the wild and barbaric appearance of those irregular troops, which are rather Turkish than Egyptian, but some of which are employed in the Khedive's army. They are of little military value, being usually the first to run away in any position of danger, as they did in the recent engagement near Souakin. On the 5th inst., which has been reported this week. Mohammed Taher Pasha, commanding in that town, sent out five hundred black troops and two hundred Bashi-Bazouks, to disperse a hostile force which had been threatening Souakin. Three hours' march from Souakin brought them into conflict with thousands of the enemy, and nearly the whole Egyptian force was destroyed, but most of the officers contrived to escape. The enemy has since come quite close to the town, but has been kept off by the guns of H.M.S. Ranger. Mohammed Taher Pasha has been deprived of his command, and the arrival of Baker Pasha is anxiously expected. The dead body of Consul Moncrieff, killed in the fight of Nov. 6, near Souakin, has been found; and also that of Hicks Pasha, on the battle-field in Kordefan. It is rumoured that the Mahdi is marching towards Dongola.

THE NILE AT ASSOUAN.

The scenery of Upper Egypt—which is confined, above Thebes, to the narrow valley of the Nile—suddenly changes in the approach to Assouan, the ancient Syene, a town and river-port on the Nubian border, situated amidst groves of palms on the east bank, fronting the verdant island of Elephantine. Huge rocks of black granite, or syenite, lie in the bed of the river above Assouan, and in some places on its shores, the aspect of which is more surprising after the monotonous mud-banks of the Lower Nile. The views about this place are, nevertheless, beautiful, as well as striking in effect, from the exquisite contrasts of colour afforded by the yellow sand-hills, the rich greenness of the cultivated and fertile strips of land near the river, and the dark masses of stone which seem to have been carried down there by an inconceivable force of rushing waters in primeval times. Elephantine, at its northern extremity, where two branches of the Nile part around it, Assouan being on the eastern branch, has a very inviting appearance; but the southern end of this small island is quite desolate, and is heaped with rubbish from ancient towns long since destroyed. Only a Roman quay of massive masonry, the foundations of a temple, and fragments of an archway and pillars, are now remaining there. The town of Assouan, inhabited by some four thousand people, is a lively scene of bustle, but rather barbaric African than properly Egyptian, being frequented by Nubians, Bedouin Arabs, Negroes of the Soudan, Abyssinians, and other half-civilised nations of the southern and western countries, attired in a variety of strange costumes. Passing through the Arab cemetery, with its multitude of turbaned tombstones, the visitor reaches the famous stone-quarries from which the Pharaohs got nearly all the material for their mighty buildings, at least for the temples and obelisks of Luxor and Karnak. Some of the monoliths, already half-cut, which were intended to be sent down the Nile, and the probable destination of which may be guessed, are still lying there in their native bed of rock. The First Cataract or Rapid of the Nile, and the Sacred Isle of Philæ, with its Temple of Isis, are several miles higher up the river.

The new iron ship Shannon, 1623 tons, left Glasgow on the 6th inst. for Brisbane, having on board following emigrants—86 single men, 120 single women, and 112 families.

It has been decided to construct a bridge, at a cost of £40,000, from Southsea to Hayling Island, Messrs. Sandeman promising £10,000 towards the undertaking.

According to the Birmingham Post, Mr. Cregoe Colmore has given £1000 to the Jaffray Hospital Endowment Fund, and the partners in Lloyd's Old Bank have contributed a like sum.

The Blane Gold Medals for this year have been awarded to Staff-Surgeon George Maclean, of her Majesty's ship London, M.B. and M.C., Aberdeen, and Staff-Surgeon Robert Hall More, of her Majesty's ship Swiftsure, M.D. and M.C., Aberdeen.

Lady Wolsley distributed prizes and certificates last Saturday evening to the students of the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, on which occasion a new hall which has been added to the college was opened. Professor H. Morley presided over the meeting, which was addressed by Lord Wolsley, Colonel Maurice, and others.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie distributed the prizes to the successful students at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, in the large music-hall of the college, yesterday week, and in the course of a very suitable address he urged upon the young men the necessity of continuing their education, and acquiring a large fund of general information, after quitting the college walls.

"CLAUDIAN."

The superb production of "Claudian" by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre is the most remarkable event of the dramatic year. It would have been disheartening indeed had we no better retrospect than sumptuous revivals and the last faint effort to sustain an interest in melodrama whose incidents and situations are for the most part worn threadbare. "Claudian" lifts us into a different atmosphere altogether. It has a nobler ambition and a loftier aim. A keen eye and a trained intellect are devoted to the construction and composition of the story. Mr. Herman, one of the authors of "The Silver King," is not only a practical stage manager, but an experienced constructor of popular plays. A poet supplies the text. Mr. W. G. Wills is, indeed, one of the few poets who write for the stage and can constrain their poetic energy at the command of that tyrant the stage manager. The Poet Laureate has no doubt given to the Lyceum "Queen Mary" and "Camma, or The Cup," but if rumour is to be believed, it was only the supreme tact of Mr. Irving that checked the overflow of his poetical impetuosity. He could not sink the poet in the dramatist. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Matthew Arnold could all write for the stage if they would only consent to have mechanical measuring applied to their immortal verse. Mr. Wills, who, in years to come, when Charles the First, and Hinko, and Jane Shore, and Marie Stuart, and Buckingham become, as they will, part of our literature, will be appreciated at his full worth, amply consents to be dominated over by that necessary tyrant the stage manager. He has written "Claudian" in so-called prose because he is afraid of a public that consents to be led by the nose and hoodwinked by that most vulgar portion of our contemporary press that presumes to dictate on dramatic matters. A poetical writer afraid to print his poetry in metre for fear of offending the vulgarians who have the ear of the theatrical public is one of the most comical features of an educated age.

But best of all, over the design and conception of "Claudian" stands Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, as good and sound an actor as the stage possesses, a man of intellect and fine feeling, with a mind far more in harmony with noble than with ignoble sentiment, and a reformer with dauntless courage. It does indeed require determination to suddenly break away from the showy excitement of modern melodrama into the lofty regions of thought and taste, where alone plays like "Claudian" can thrive. All that care, forethought, and good taste could do for "Claudian" has been done for that striking and remarkable play. Mr. George Godwin, with his well-known industry and accuracy, has hunted up the archaeology of an almost inaccessible period, just after the founding of Constantinople by Constantine; Sir Julius Benedict has adorned the play with charming melodies; and the scenic artists have more than sustained the reputation of modern scenic art. There is little opposition to the frequently stated assertion that the prologue or first act of "Claudian," whether as regards scenic splendour, accuracy of costume, dignity of purpose, variety of colour, and dramatic glow, is as remarkable a bit of play that the public has seen for years. It is all but faultless. Had "Claudian" sustained throughout the hope of its beginning it would have been one of the most valuable plays of modern times. It fails just where such a subject must fail: the play begins exactly where any other play of the kind would end. Action is made to do the work of imagination—a Claudian as a patrician and a profligate, a Claudian who buys slaves in the market-place and is the accepted conqueror of gladiators, a Claudian who kills protecting priests and is cursed for his pains, is a very dramatic and interesting person; but a Claudian under a spell, a doomed Claudian, who wanders about the earth, bringing desolation and disaster with him; a Claudian who deals death when he offers alms, who causes the women who love him to become blind, whose presence brings earthquakes, and who is the owner of the "evil eye," is a most undramatic and necessarily a monotonous figure. The idea of the dramatists was good, but they have elaborated the wrong end of their story. They should have given us more of Claudian's life and less of his death, for it is a "death in life" after all for the space of three acts. We want more of his activity and less of his doom. So attractive and fascinating is the Claudian of the prologue, the central figure in a picture of brilliant colour, so vivid and picturesque and bright and dramatic is the whole scene that it is disappointing when a cloud falls, or the landscape is blurred with mist. There are lovely effects in rain and cloud; but the sunshine and the brightness are better. Everything that we see, even after the prologue, is admirable: the harvest procession, with its last relic of paganism in the purely Christian ceremonial, the blacksmith's shop, with its intense realism; the earthquake, with its grandeur and sublimity of destruction; the ruined city, with its inexpressible sorrow of desolation—all are pictures that dwell with fascination on the mind. But what we require to galvanise these scenes is action that shall be as vivid and exciting as the pictures. There are few actors, if any—I can call to mind none—who could have done for Claudian what Mr. Wilson Barrett has done. As an actor he is wholly free from vice and affectation. He is well trained and full of enthusiasm; he is poetical in style without losing a trace of manliness. I can recall few finer pictures of the personality of reproduced Rome than the Claudian of the first act. Mr. Barrett is the very strength of sublimated licentiousness—a selfish, dissolute man with muscle; not a mean cringing sensualist who is small and ignoble in his vice, but a true Pagan. It required great strength of acting to carry Claudian along after the first act, but Mr. Barrett did it by sheer strength of personality. He spoke the poetry so that it could be felt; he was full of fervour in his love; full of dignity in his sorrow; full of resignation in his death. With the exception of Mr. Speakman, who made an excellent, strong-hearted blacksmith, very few of the company seem at home in the clothes of the fourth century or in the sentiment of a poetical play. Say what people like, it does require a training and an aptitude for the proper elaboration of serious poetical work. An actor who is at home in melodrama may be at sea in Shakespeare, and vice versa. Take several instances at random—Mr. Willard as the Holy Clement, Mr. Frank Cooper as Theorus, Miss Eastlake as Almida. All have done excellent work in their time, but the characters they now assume do not fit them well. They do not illumine, but occasionally depress the text. Their elocution is faulty when it is not monotonous. A curse must be outspoken to have any effect; and a heroine's sorrow is ill-expressed by a long drawn moan. The ear becomes fatigued with this effort to express what is really not felt. One of the best of the smaller characters, is that of Serena, by Miss Ormsby, a poetical conception, tastefully and artistically rendered, just, in fact, the Serena that the situation required; and no harder task fell to anyone than the Tetrarch, which was boldly grasped by Mr. Charles Hudson. For a young actor it was a formidable business, and this is an important step in a promising career.

Our illustrations of this play will be recognised by those who see it. Claudian buys the Christian woman, Serena, when she is offered for sale as a slave, in spite of her husband, Theorus, the sculptor. She takes refuge in the cell of a hermit, the Holy Clement, who pronounces an awful curse upon Claudian for coming to drag her away. A hundred years pass over his head, but he cannot die, and he brings a

curse on all who love him, on all whom he loves. Then comes the destruction of his palace by the earthquake. He is not killed even by this, but is finally allowed to choose a voluntary death, that he may release Almida and others from the effect of the curse.)

Miss Mary Anderson has now appeared as Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's interesting play, "Pygmalion and Galatea," a character that has brought her endless fame in America. In no part will she more delight her countless admirers, for in no character are her beautiful countenance and youthful form seen to such conspicuous advantage. Miss Anderson, standing as the statue when the curtains are drawn aside, will attract as much attention, as an art-study, as Mrs. Charles Kean did years ago in "The Winter's Tale." Her grace, her attitudes, and her movements are well nigh faultless. The eye cannot fail to be enchanted. I observe there are different opinions as to the manner of playing Galatea. Some think and say that Miss Anderson is correct in carrying the statue into the embodied Galatea, and in divesting her of humanity. If so, I do not understand the play, and never have understood it. If so, Mrs. Kendal's reading of Galatea was all wrong, and I was myself demented for praising it and admiring it twelve years ago. I cannot eat my words. I cannot admire a soulless Galatea. When she descends from the pedestal she must be a woman, or nothing, a woman with heart, tears, emotion, glow and pathos. We have had enough of the statue in its immobility; we want its breath and life. I fully agree with a clever American critic who said, "Miss Anderson can play the statue, but she cannot play Galatea." It is a beautiful being, but such a Galatea represents nothing to my mind. She speaks the words, but she does not convey any definite impression by them. At any rate, this is the first time that Galatea has been played down by Cynisca. Miss Amy Roselle certainly was the best Cynisca yet seen; but Galatea should hold her own even against the best Cynisca. I said something just now about the training required for poetical plays. Behold it in Miss Amy Roselle. She is intelligent and interesting; she is eloquent and dramatic. The close of the second act was really a fine piece of acting; and it is simply not the case to say it was too loud, too emphatic, or even stagey. It was just what it should be. Mr. Barnes was a useful and intelligent Pygmalion; and Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Mr. H. Kemble, and Mr. Macklin all played excellently well. C. S.

THE OXFORD PHILO-THESPIANS.

For the first time in the history of Oxford private theatricals, the efforts of earnest amateurs have been recognised by the authorities, and a play has at last been performed with the full sanction of the Vice-Chancellor and the tacit approval of heads of houses. There never has been any objection to the production of Greek or Latin plays; but it was only recently, at Balliol, that there was any revival of ancient dramatic literature. Encouraged by the many good words spoken of the Oxford University Philo-Thespian Club, several earnest spirits, such as Mr. Bouchier, of Christ Church, an old Etonian; Mr. Scott Holland, a tutor of Christ Church; Mr. W. L. Courtney, of New College, and others, approached the Vice-Chancellor and requested his sanction for a public performance by amateurs during the term at Oxford. Mr. Jowett consented, on two conditions. First—and this was a *sine quâ non*—that it should be a Shakespearean play; secondly, that the female characters should be entrusted to ladies connected with the University. This last difficulty was quickly overcome, and the Philo-Thespians secured the willing aid of Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Woods, Miss Arnold, Miss M. Price, and others, whose husbands or fathers are intimately connected with University life. The brilliant success that has attended the representation of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Oxford Townhall shows that the Vice-Chancellor's confidence in Mr. Bouchier and his clever companions was not misplaced; and from this date we may expect to see amateur theatricals take their place amongst the legitimate amusements of University life. Colleges have had their Shakespeare societies, Shakespeare readings, and Shakespeare teas, but never before have they assisted in the production of a Shakespearean play. This is the very class of amateurs best fitted for the purpose. Their education and their acquired taste necessarily fit them for the proper and discreet speaking of Shakespeare; and I for one shall be very much surprised if, when the Philo-Thespians come to London and play at the Vaudeville, the elocutionary power of the amateurs is not freely and generously admitted. We have no mangling of the text; no mumbling of the words; no deplorable solecisms or transparent vulgarity. No one expects first-class acting from untrained and unpractised amateurs; but it is something to hear the text of Shakespeare spoken with such conspicuous intelligence by every individual member of the company. In this respect the Duke of Venice of Mr. W. J. Morris, the Bassanio of Mr. W. L. Courtney, and the Antonio of Mr. E. G. Gordon stand out clearly. These gentlemen have been taught by no trained elocutionist; but, being men of education, they all know what they are talking about and the meaning of the text they are delivering. Mr. Bouchier as Shylock takes a higher stand. He is an artist in the sense that he clearly understands the limit of his power. Mr. Bouchier does not do too much, and yet he never underacts. It is a clever, consistent performance; not a weak imitation of any other actor, but the work of a young man who has studied and is evidently fond of this kind of work. A capital comedy vein is struck, too, by Mr. Mackinnon as Gratiano, who is a good-natured fop, but still a gentleman. It was one of the most popular performances at Oxford. Mr. Bromley Davenport—with a very funny face—made a good Launcelot Gobbo; and several of the minor characters were creditably undertaken. When I saw the play at Oxford—the first evening—Mrs. W. L. Courtney was the Portia, and I thought her Portia as good a thing as I had ever seen by an amateur. It was delightfully fresh, unconventional, and unstagey. The amateurs will, however, be assisted by professional ladies in London. Mr. S. H. Lechmere-Stuart and the Hon. J. G. Adderley have done much to secure the complete success of the Oxford private theatricals. C. S.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment continues to attract large and appreciative audiences. Next Monday a new First Part will be produced, entitled "A Moss Rose Rent," written by Arthur Law, the music supplied by Alfred J. Caldicott; and next Saturday afternoon Mr. Corney Grain will give, for the first time, his new musical sketch for the holidays, entitled "Master Tommy's School."

Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith, of Great Queen-street, Cheapside, in anticipation of the New Year, have issued their customary series of Diaries of various sizes and forms suitable for private, professional, or business purposes, the paper being of good quality and the bindings strong. Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of Southwark-street, follow suit with Professional and General Diaries, specially prepared for the use of architects, surveyors, engineers, builders, contractors, &c. These diaries are substantially got up, and the paper is good. Some handy date-indicating diaries and blotting-pads are also issued by this firm.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon brought forward some of the music composed by Dr. Hubert Parry for "The Birds" of Aristophanes, recently performed at Cambridge. The portions given on Saturday were three orchestral movements: one accompanying the assembling of the birds in council; an Entr'acte; and the march of the procession of the birds with the triumphal return of Peisthetirus and Basilea to the city of the clouds. The music possesses much grace and fancy, and deserves to be repeated with other portions of Dr. Parry's work, and to be better placed than at the end of a programme, as on Saturday. Madame Montigny-Rémaury gave a very fine performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, and Miss A. Ehrenberg made a favourable impression, on her first appearance here, as one of the vocalists of the day, the other having been Signor Foli. With the exception of Mr. G. J. Bennett's new song, "Night and Love"—conducted by himself, and sung by Miss Ehrenberg—Dr. Stanford directed the concert, which included his orchestral serenade—a work that has been previously noticed.

The Guildhall School of Music gave a concert at the Mansion House last Saturday afternoon, when Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night music was very effectively performed in its choral and solo details, but with only a pianoforte accompaniment. In several part-songs and various solos, the pupils manifested the good effects resulting from the City institution so ably directed by Mr. Weist Hill.

Mr. Willing's choir gave the second performance, in London, of Sir G. A. Macfarren's "King David," at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the occasion having been the inauguration of the choir's second season. The oratorio, it will be remembered, was first produced at the Leeds Festival last October, and was repeated—again with success—by the new Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall last month. The characteristics and merits of the work having been several times commented on, it will now only be necessary to say that it was generally well rendered on Tuesday. The chorus-singing was bright and effective, and the solos were efficiently sung by Miss A. Williams (as at the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance), Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. F. King; Mr. Shakespeare having appeared in lieu of Mr. Vernon Rigby, who was indisposed. Mr. Willing conducted with care and ability. The composer was called forward.

Mr. F. Penna—well known as a professor of the art of singing, and a lecturer thereon—gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, when a varied selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed. Mr. Penna proved his merit as a vocalist, and also manifested his powers as an elocutionist by a very effective recitation of a scene from Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth."

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the third concert of its thirteenth season on Wednesday evening, when "Elijah" was performed. Of this it need merely be said that the programme comprised the names of Madame Albani, Misses Fenna, Wilson, and Dones, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as principal vocalists.

The sixth and last of Mr. R. Rickard's and Mr. A. Collard's pianoforte and flute recitals took place at the Grosvenor Gallery on Thursday evening, with a varied selection. It is to be hoped that these concerts may bring the flute into more request among amateurs than has been the case for many years past. The capacities of the instrument are far beyond what they were half a century ago; and its portability is another strong recommendation.

Madame Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy gave the third concert—and last of the series—at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, when a varied selection was performed, chiefly by Madame Sainton-Dolby's pupils.

This week's music has comprised two pianoforte recitals; M. De Pachmann having played a series of pieces at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, and Madame Montigny-Rémaury having given a matinée of a similar kind at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon.

This (Saturday) evening a concert will take place at St. James's Hall, in which Madame Albani and Mr. Sims Reeves are announced to take part.

Signor, Madame, and Mademoiselle Scotti give their benefit concert this (Saturday) evening at Steinway Hall.

The production, at the Savoy Theatre, of the new comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is fixed for Jan. 5.

Signor Mario, the eminent operatic tenor, died on Tuesday evening. This great dramatic vocalist made his first London appearance in 1839, and retired in July, 1871. The remarkable beauty of his voice and his refined style were associated, after some years' experience, with histrionic powers that are rarely possessed by singers; and his disappearance from the stage left a void that has yet to be filled.

The principal features of next year's Worcester Festival have already been settled. It will open on Tuesday, Sept. 9, with Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," the next day's performances consisting of Cherubini's Mass in D Minor, cantatas by Bach and Spohr, a motet by Mozart, and Schubert's "Song of Miriam." On the Thursday, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" will be given, and the Festival will close the next day with "The Messiah" as the usual climax; a special service (with band and chorus) in the Cathedral on the Friday evening completing the devotional aspect of the Festival, which is to be similarly inaugurated on Sunday, Sept. 7. In addition to the Cathedral performances just specified, there will be the customary miscellaneous evening concerts in the College Hall.

Sir Edward Sullivan was on Tuesday sworn in as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Sir Frederick Abel has been chosen by the council of the Society of Arts as their chairman, in succession to the late Sir William Siemens.

A new Photographic Album, called "The Ceramic," has just been published by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co., of Queen Victoria-street. It is illustrated with thirteen designs representing Hungarian, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Dutch, Chinese, Indian, Japanese, and Arabian art. In order to produce the exact tints of old china we are told that eighteen separate printings were necessary, the medium being chromo-lithography. The book is elegantly bound, and would form a charming present at this festive season.

Of the coming of Christmas and New-Year cards there seems to be no end. For weeks we have been announcing the receipt from different publishers of specimens, more or less beautiful, of these seasonable mementoes of affection; and now comes another batch, from Messrs. M. H. Nathan and Co., of 48, Barbican, quite equal to the bulk of those previously received.—And yet more specimens, from Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co., of Oxford-street, showing good taste, some landscapes being worthiest of note. There is indeed this year quite an embarrassment of riches, and intending purchasers will be puzzled to choose between the rival claims to their favour.

THE RECESS.

The coming Session promises to be one of the busiest and liveliest of an eventful Parliament. Those who run may read the signs that incontestably point to this. It is, accordingly, satisfactory to find the political chiefs of each Party are preparing themselves for the Constitutional struggle by a period of rest and quiet at their country seats. On the authority of Earl Granville, we learn that Mr. Gladstone has not looked better for the past ten years. Both the Prime Minister and the Marquis of Salisbury are about to entertain a circle of guests at Christmas; and Sir Stafford Northcote (who has been presented with a translation into Welsh of the last speech he made in Wales) keeps Christmas in hospitable Devonshire fashion at The Pynes.

The airy ease with which Earl Granville can speak without saying anything was exemplified afresh on Tuesday at the banquet which followed the conference of Metropolitan Liberal Associations at the Cannon-street Hotel. After a Session of Corrupt Practices legislation, another day and night devoted to the consideration of the Corrupt Practices Act savours too much of "resurrection pie" to be generally palatable.

Sir Richard Cross, addressing his constituents at St. Helen's on Tuesday night, made it more plain than ever that the Conservatives will offer the most strenuous opposition to the County Franchise Bill of the Government. The late Home Secretary particularly inveighed against the extension of this measure to Ireland when Constitutional rights were suspended there, and the island was in a state of "veiled rebellion." Alarmed at the recent statements of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Childers, Sir Richard Cross emphatically declared "the people of England" would have none of the revolutionary measures projected.

The week of the Christmas show of the Smithfield Club finds agriculture seasonably a prominent topic. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, presiding on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the Smithfield Club with accustomed geniality, made a happy reference to the award of the champion prize to her Majesty, with respect to whose handsome heifer Lord Feversham aptly alluded to the union of the throne and the cottage in the fact that the prize animal had been bred by a small Lincolnshire farmer. The national need of taking active steps to foster farming was forcibly pointed out the previous day at the meeting of the Farmers' Club at the Inns of Court Hotel, where Mr. George Street stated that the number of sheep in Great Britain had decreased from 30,314,000 in 1874 to 24,319,768 in 1882—a loss of six millions in eight years!—while in the same period the number of cattle had decreased from 6,125,491 to 5,807,491. Mr. Street urged the Government to be more energetic in preventing the importation of diseased cattle. The time is certainly ripe for the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture.

The Marquis of Lorne (who developed a quiet vein of humour in expatiating, at the dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, on the colonising qualities of Scotsmen) on Tuesday appeared as a seer before the members of the Colonial Institute. Inspired by his experience as Governor-General of Canada, the noble Marquis read a paper on "Our relations with Canada and the great Colonies," and predicted the gathering in London, "perhaps, in the next century," of a Council of Colonial Envoys, "by which the Imperial policy (as regards the colonies) will be directly guided."

Long ago recognised by the late Earl of Beaconsfield as one of the most effective and courageous young debaters on the Conservative side, Lord George Hamilton has recently broken a lance with Mr. Chamberlain, in whose armour he claims to have discovered a "screw loose."

Indefatigable in his pilgrimages to the poorest quarters of town, Sir Charles Dilke on Tuesday morning paid a visit to the district of St. Saviour's; and the same day, in opening a bazaar at the Chelsea Baths in aid of the Markham-square Congregational Church, remarked that it was a "popular delusion that the East-End was the poorest part of London," the fact being that "the greatest destitution is to be seen in the central parts, such as St. Luke's, Clerkenwell, Holborn, St. Giles's, and the Strand." Sir Charles Dilke at the same time offered some timely counsel. Especially seasonable was his recommendation that the charitable should seek out and relieve deserving cases of distress themselves. And the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will, no doubt, bestir themselves to see that the neglected tenements standing on their property at St. Saviour's are rendered habitable. On Tuesday evening it fell to the lot of Sir Charles Dilke to distribute the prizes won at the Hammersmith Broadway Science and Art classes; and the President of the Local Government Board again improved the occasion by relating an anecdote of his recent tour through Poor London. He said he asked a lady he found in an extremely poor dwelling—

"What is your good gentleman's occupation?" She said, "He is a 'worm-eater'." (Laughter). It turned out that the gentleman lived by making holes to imitate worm-holes in so-called old wood-work (Renewed laughter).

The absorbing question of the "Dwellings of the London Poor" also brought about an influential gathering, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House on Tuesday. It is earnestly to be hoped that the lively interest shown in the better housing of the poor by this important meeting and other similar assemblages will bear immediate fruit.

Mr. Parnell, it is to be regretted, maintained his irreconcilable attitude to the Government on Tuesday, when he was entertained at a banquet in the Dublin Rotunda, and presented with the "National Tribute" of £37,000. So long as "Coercion" was enforced and "Emigration" fostered by English Liberals, Mr. Parnell declared the Home-Rule Party could not co-operate with them; and he was at no pains to conceal his aversion for the rule of "Buckshot Forster," Earl Spencer, and Mr. Trevelyan. In fine, Mr. Parnell may be said to have nailed his "Nationalist" colours to the mast.

Sir W. T. Blandford presided at the annual dinner of the Royal School of Mines on Tuesday at the Criterion, supported by Professor Huxley and other professors.

Last week 2346 births and 1628 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 294, and the deaths 216, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 44 from measles, 53 from scarlet fever, 23 from diphtheria, 43 from whooping-cough, 26 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one either from typhus or from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 493 and 453 in the two preceding weeks, further declined last week to 448, and were 56 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths: 39 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Three cases of suicide were registered.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12.

At last the Money Market has got out of the extreme prostration which for many weeks past has been the subject of general astonishment and regret. The Bank and Exchequer returns show the open market to be less plethoric, and those who have money on deposit with the discount houses have within the past few days received the welcome notification that the interest allowed them has been advanced by 1 per cent. Two per cent is now allowed for money withdrawable without notice, and 2½ if notice is agreed to be given. The banks have all along given 2 per cent; they not suffering to the same extent as the discount houses in depressed times. That the Bank of England standard rate of discount should be only 3 per cent at this period of the year is evidence of the distrust which prevails in regard to both investments and politics; at the moment the indications are more favourable, but pending the development of the Franco-Chinese crisis it is not likely that any reliance can safely be placed upon the permanency or development of such amendment as we refer to.

The Mexican bondholders have no reason to be discouraged by the avowed abandonment of all efforts to settle their claims which is implied by the return home of the Mexican agent. The future is theirs, for both the Mexican Government and the American railway constructors, who are in a sense occupying Mexico, are more and more feeling the necessity of reopening the British money market to their occasions, and without settling the debt they can do nothing here. In the general investment interest it is, perhaps, not good that arranging with the bondholders should be followed by fresh issues; but in dealing with such States as Mexico there is no such thing possible as a composition in cash, on the receipt of which all connection may be closed. On the contrary, a resumption of payments, no matter on what reduced scale, implies in such cases an increased interest in the welfare of the defaulter. But the difficulties which are being met in the present instance are so far reassuring that they show what a substantial advance has been made by investors in regard to the view taken of foreign loans. Our holding of such issues yearly declines, and not one investor in a thousand seems to take any interest in what is happening to foreign national stocks. But let a word-keeping Government give out a concession for a railway, or any other reproductive work, and capital is at once forthcoming to build up a property which remains both actually and in management with those who create it.

The return of Sir Charles Tupper to Canada is in connection with his duties as Minister for Railways in the Dominion Government, for at present Sir Charles retains that office, though he is High Commissioner for Canada to England, and indeed all Europe. As the Dominion Parliament meets on Jan. 17, there is only just time for the Minister to master the various railway questions which have sprung up during the recess. The new Session is likely to be largely given up to railway topics, especially at the opening. The "Government guarantee" of 3 per cent per annum for ten years on the capital of the Canadian Pacific Railway is being made quite a party question, but the Government have in this matter departed from the common law only in respect of their having received securities in lieu of a portion of the money payment, and for that step they believe they have reasons strong enough to satisfy the Parliament and people of Canada.

The Hudson's Bay Company's difficulty may now be regarded as solved, for at the meeting called for to-morrow there is no reason to doubt that the balloting will be for the board, as recommended in the circular issued by the shareholders. The voting to which we recently referred is regarded as invalid by counsel, and the board nominated in the report have taken the oath, and are in office; but on a full consideration of all the issues, a compromise has been agreed to, and while two members of the old board withdraw, Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., Q.C., and Mr. Donald A. Smith go on. There will now be two purely Canadian directors—namely, Mr. Sandford Fleming and Mr. Smith.

T. S.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours may be understood as having a dual existence in their stately new quarters in Piccadilly. Though it has in the winter to drop its distinction of "Royal"—which was conferred on the Institute as a water-colour society only—it passes, as some may think, from the chrysalis state to full maturity in the exhibition of oil paintings, which in future at this season will replace the spring displays of drawings in water colours. The show which opens to-day (Saturday) is at all events of excellent character; and although we are unable to review the collection in detail this week, we borrow from the Illustrated Catalogue some examples of its quality. The first of these, "East and West," is a capital example of the incomparable humour Mr. Hodgson has displayed in subjects of this kind. The reader will imagine the yarn that Jack ashore is spinning to the natives. Then Mr. Crofts has selected a striking, suggestive incident in "Cromwell at Bootham Bar." Mr. McWhirter's view of St. Peter's (too seldom painted) from Monte Mario—the favourite point for viewing the *girandole* on the Easter illumination of the basilica. The single figures of E. Bale and F. Morgan are sure of admirers; whilst Mark Fisher's "Pastoral," and J. R. Reid's seaport idyll are good examples of their different styles. Lastly, there is one of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's Thames subjects, with a very telling effect of "Opening Day." A review of this inaugural exhibition of oil pictures by the Institute will appear in our next publication, with a few more illustrations.

The Southport Town Council have decided, subject to the approval of the ratepayers, to accept the offer of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster of 1100 acres of foreshore for £18,085.

The Grocers' Company have given £100 to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, £25 to the funds of the Thames Church Mission, and a similar sum to the Homes for Working Girls.

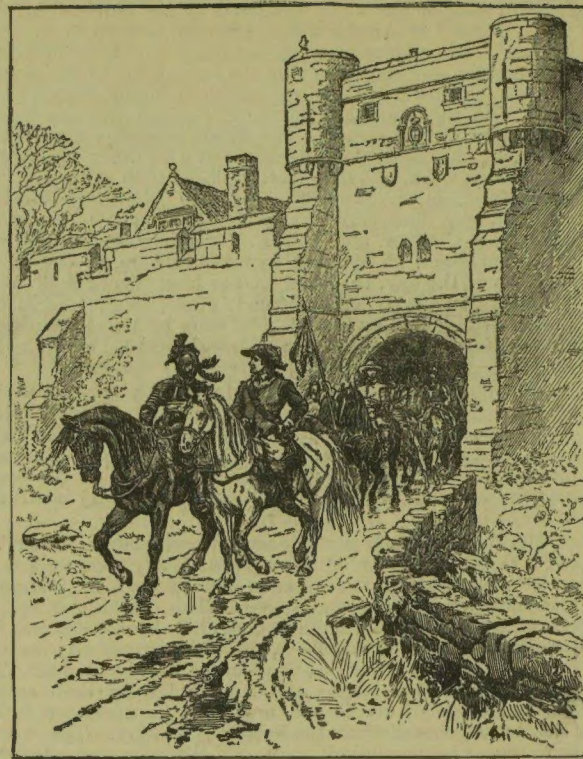
A gale which visited the metropolis on Tuesday night seems to have prevailed over the greater part of the country, and reports from various quarters mention considerable damage done by its force.

The public will learn with much regret that Professor Owen's state of health and his declining years (he is in his eightieth year) have necessitated his resigning his appointment as Superintendent of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum.

Under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several gentlemen of great influence, a conference was held on Tuesday at the Mansion House on the dwellings of the poor. There was a general consensus of opinion that the overcrowding and unhealthiness of the houses of the poor are horrible. Resolutions were passed declaring that certain alterations in the law are required, and a Mansion House Central Committee was formed.



EAST AND WEST. BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



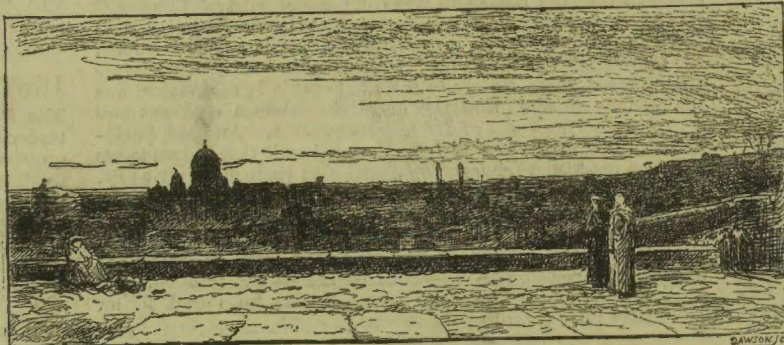
CROMWELL AT BOOTHAM BAR BY ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.



THE PRETTIEST LITTLE DAMSEL IN THE PORT.
BY J. R. REID.



A SUSSEX PASTORAL. BY MARK FISHER.



ST. PETER'S AND MONTE MARIO. BY J. M'WHIRTER.



AVE MARIA. BY EDWIN BALE.



MEADOW-SWEET. BY F. MORGAN.



OPENING DAY. BY KEELEY HALSWELLE, A.R.S.A.



BASHI-BAZOUKS ON THE MARCH: A HALT FOR PRAYER.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 11.

The Tonquin debate is over; M. Ferry is once more victorious; and the situation does not seem to be any more clear than it was before the debate began. One thing, at any rate, is clear—namely, that M. Ferry commands a strong majority so devoted to its chief as to remain absolutely unaffected by the unparalleled torrents of abuse and ferocious criticism that have been directed against him during three days of hot debate by men of the ability and wit of MM. Clémenceau and Andrieux. M. Ferry is certainly a remarkable political leader, whatever opinion we may have of his political wisdom. The Tonquin credits were voted by 381 votes against 146, and 815 votes against 206 were given to the following order of the day:—"The Chamber, convinced that the Government will display all necessary energy in order to defend the rights and the honour of France in Tonquin, passes to the order of the day." The discovery that France has rights in Tonquin and the recognition of those rights by the Chamber complete the singular triumph of M. Ferry.

The past Parisian week has not been brilliant. The first snow-fall of the year has justified the appearance of fur overcoats on the boulevards, and the display of gaily bound and richly illustrated books in the windows of the *libraires* intimate that the season of New-Year's gifts and Christmas presents is approaching. The number of splendid and artistic books that are published in France with success is really astonishing; publications that would formerly not have been undertaken without Royal patronage are now issued currently, not only at the moment of the *étrennes* season, but throughout the year—a fact which is not without interest from the point of view of the artistic history of the epoch. Amongst all the volumes that vie with each other in attractiveness I mention only a splendid edition of Mistral's "Mireille," illustrated with twenty-three etchings and fifty-three vignettes by M. Eugène Burnand (one vol., Hachette); "Le Directoire, le Consulat, et l'Empire," a new work by the bibliophile Jacob (one vol., Didot); and an album published by Plon, "Recueil de Vieilles Chansons et de Rondes pour les Petits Enfants," music noted by Widor and water-colour illustrations by MM. Boutet and de Mouvel, both successful rivals of Kate Greenaway.

M. Charles de Mazade, the political chronicler of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was received with the usual ceremony at the French Academy on Thursday. The speeches were without interest, except for the fact that M. de Mazade's regrets of the past were applauded, while M. de Mézières, who in his reply spoke well of the men and things of the Republic, was coldly received by a public composed largely of ladies.—Alphonse Daudet's play, "Les Rois en Exil," has proved to be a decided failure; the general public, indifferent to its political character, find the piece disgusting, and the characters generally repulsive.—M. Charles François Lenormant, member of the Institute, died on Sunday, at the age of forty-six. M. Lenormant succeeded Beulé as Professor of Archaeology at the National Library; he was the author of many monographs on Greek and Assyrian archaeology, and in 1860 his letters in the papers on the massacres of the Christians in Syria attracted much attention.—The necrology of the week includes the name of a painter of talent, M. Ulysse Butin, who also died on Sunday, at the age of forty-six. M. Butin had obtained of late great and well-deserved success with his pictures of the life of the French coast fishermen.—Yet another death must be mentioned, that of a mason named Jean Michel Badinguet, in whose clothes Louis Napoleon escaped from the fortress of Ham, carrying a plank on his shoulder. Badinguet died at the ripe age of seventy-four, at Chateaufort, near Paris, where he was known under the name of Radot, the name of Badinguet having become too famous as a scornful nickname of the Emperor.—Finally, to conclude this budget of gloomy news, the celebrated painter, Rosa Bonheur, is lying very sick in her Paris home; but it is hoped that her illness will not be fatal, dangerous though it be. T. C.

On Sunday afternoon the façade of the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence was unveiled with great pomp, and in the presence of a vast crowd.

The marriage of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenberg is at present fixed to take place on April 15 at Darmstadt.—Last Saturday the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital at Darmstadt, constructed on the most advanced sanitary principles, was opened in presence of the Grand Duke and all the members of his family. In the opening speech, justice was done to the piety, the charity, the benevolence, and other noble qualities of the deceased Princess; while thanks were also expressed for the generous contributions to the Memorial Fund from England and India, as well as from the Queen and the members of her Majesty's family, and from the German Emperor and Empress.—The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has rejected, by 202 against 163 votes, the motion of Herr Stern for introducing secret voting at elections for the Diet and Communal authorities.

On Tuesday the Hungarian Upper House rejected the bill legalising marriages between Christians and Jews.

Mr. Henry Irving on Tuesday, the 4th inst., played Hamlet for the first time in America, at the Chestnut-street Opera-House, Philadelphia. The theatre was crowded in every part, many persons, including the critics, going from New York to witness the performance. The *Times* correspondent says:—"Mr. Irving's impersonation of Hamlet was regarded as a marked success by those present, who uttered many expressions of approval. Mr. Irving, in American opinion, will rank with the greatest Hamlets yet seen." But, according to the *Daily News*, "the critics agree in pronouncing the part the least successful of his rôles. His acting in the first two acts is severely criticised; in the others it is generally commended." Miss Terry's Ophelia is unanimously praised. Mr. Irving was entertained on Thursday week by the Clover Club, at Philadelphia, and sixty leading men of the city presented him with Edwin Forrest's watch. He closed a two weeks' successful engagement in Philadelphia last Saturday night, his total receipts being 32,909 dols. Mr. Irving made a most successful appearance at Boston last Monday in "Louis XI."

The Viceroy held a Levée at Calcutta on the 6th inst., at which the Duke of Connaught and a large number of officials and natives were present, but only a few of the mercantile community. The Duke held an inspection yesterday week of the troops of the garrison and the volunteers. The Duke and Duchess left Calcutta on Monday for Meerut, via Benares and Lucknow.

A telegram from Sydney states that the Intercolonial Conference has unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of the formation of a Federal Council to deal with matters in which united action may be desirable. The first session is to be held in Hobart Town.—It is intended to hold an Intercolonial Exhibition next March in Melbourne, to which it is proposed to add fruits, plants, cereals, and Australian products of the soil, and also to show the different processes of manufacturing wine, cider, dried fruits, tobacco, and cigars.

THE COURT.

The Queen has had the Princess of Wales and her eldest daughter, Princess Louise, on a short visit at Windsor Castle. The Russian Ambassador, Baroness Mohrenheim, Madame Waddington, and Lady Glover, have been presented to her Majesty; and Sir Frederick Leighton has had an audience of the Queen. Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse were present at the musical service held at Eton College Chapel in commemoration of the foundation of the school. Princess Beatrice paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough last Saturday. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Irene of Hesse attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning at a quarter past ten, when the holy communion was administered by the Dean of Windsor. The Princess of Wales and her daughter Princess Louise were at the usual Divine service at noon. The Princess of Wales and her daughter left the castle on Monday; and the Duke of Albany, the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Portuguese Minister, the Lord Chamberlain, and other guests, came to dinner at the castle. The Duke of Cambridge lunched with her Majesty on Tuesday. Princess Beatrice visited a sale of work for charity at Lady James Murray's house in Windsor. Princess Irene of Hesse took leave of the Queen at the close of her long visit, on her return home. The Princess Irene of Hesse, accompanied by Colonel Byng, Equerry to her Majesty, and suite, left Charing-cross station by the Continental mail-train in the evening for Darmstadt, via Ostend. The Siamese Embassy had an audience of the Queen on Wednesday. Her Majesty has had large dinner parties, the guests including various members of the Royal household and the suites of the Royal visitors, Prince and Princess Christian, the Right Hon. Sir William and Lady Vernon Harcourt, Sir John Glover, the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, the Dean of Windsor, the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and Lieutenant Colonel A. Moreton, Coldstream Guards.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from visiting Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. His Royal Highness visited the Duke of Braganza at Claridge's Hotel on Saturday, and was present at a meeting of the members of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum. Subsequently he received the degree of Grand Master of Mark Master Masons in Grand Lodge at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Princess of Wales, with Princess Louise, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday from visiting the Queen. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise and the Duke of Braganza, visited the eighty-sixth annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club (of which his Royal Highness is the president for the year) at the Agricultural Hall. The Duke of Braganza and Princess Louise of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne lunched with their Royal Highnesses. The Prince presided at the annual general meeting of the Smithfield Club on Tuesday, and was afterwards present at a luncheon given by the directors of the Agricultural Hall. The Duke of Braganza dined at Marlborough House, after which their Royal Highnesses went to the Lyceum Theatre. The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital and various Metropolitan Hospitals have had gifts of game from the Prince.

Princess Christian assisted last Saturday evening at a concert given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society at St. Mark's School, Windsor, upon the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial to Sir George Elvey. Prince Christian and her Royal Highness were present on Monday at a theatrical entertainment given by the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor.

A bazaar in aid of the London Flower Girl Brigade was opened by Princess Frederica of Hanover on Wednesday, at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

On Monday the eighty-sixth annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the Prince of Wales being the acting president for the year. Out of ten entries her Majesty gained eight prizes—two firsts, three seconds, and three thirds. The Prince of Wales had made thirteen entries, and obtained four prizes—none of these, however, of the first class. His Royal Highness, with the Princess, their eldest daughter, the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Marquis of Lorne visited the exhibition early in the day. Notwithstanding the prohibitive regulations, the entries in all classes show a falling off to the extent of only forty in all classes, as compared with last year. The total number is 484, and the show is described as being, on the whole, of a higher average of quality than has been reached for a long time past. Amongst the other principal prize-winners in the cattle classes are the Prince of Wales, Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay, Colonel Drummond Moray, Mr. J. Wortley, Mr. John Walter, and Lord Coventry. Mr. W. Parsons carried off the Champion Plate for the best pen of sheep, and Mr. W. Saunders the Champion Plate for the best pen of pigs.

At the annual meeting of the Club on Tuesday—the Prince of Wales presiding—a considerable increase in the number of members was reported. His Royal Highness assured them of his continued and deep interest in everything that concerns agriculture and in the prosperity of the club. The Earl of Jersey has been elected President for next year, and Sir W. Gordon-Cumming was named President for 1884-5.

It is stated that Mr. Tennyson will be called to the House of Lords by the title of Baron Tennyson-D'Eyncourt.

The invitation to the Royal Agricultural Society to visit Chester in 1885 has been signed by the Mayor and town clerk.

Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of a baronetcy upon Mr. William Bowman, F.R.S., and upon Mr. Joseph Lister, F.R.S.

Sir Frederick Leighton presented the prizes on Monday to the successful students in the Royal Academy Schools of Art, and addressed them upon the relations of artistic productions to the conditions of time and place under which they were produced. The prizes included a gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 to William Mouat Loudan for an historical painting of St. Peter denying Christ; to Henry Bates, for a composition in sculpture of Socrates Teaching the People in the Agora; and to Edwin George Hardy, for a design in Architecture for an Academy of Arts. The Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£50) was awarded to Robert Octavius Rickatson for a landscape painting. The first prize of £50 for a set of six drawings of a figure from the life was won by John Ernest Braun; and a prize of similar amount, for a set of three models of a figure from the life, by George James Frampton.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held last Saturday—Mr. J. P. Gassiot, vice-president, in the chair—the fellows were congratulated upon the completion of the enlargement of the glass corridor, at a cost of between £600 and £700, in great part raised by private subscriptions. This enlargement was a measure rendered necessary by the largely increased numbers of exhibits at the spring shows.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

We resume the task of noticing, briefly indeed, as is required by our limited space, the multitude of illustrated books provided for customary purchase at this season of the year.

An English translation, by Robert Thomson in 1806, of the *Fables of La Fontaine*, with twenty-five etchings by A. Delierre, is published in an elegant volume by Messrs. J. C. Nimmo and Bain, of King William-street, Strand. There is no verse, in any language, more easy and pleasant to read, no more delightful style of story-telling, with the lightest and most agreeable touches of reflection, than that of La Fontaine, a cheerful teacher of moral and prudential wisdom, quite of the Horatian type. This version of him is good and pure English; and the style of verse reminds us of that amusing rogue, "Peter Pindar," who flourished about the translator's time. The French artist's designs have much grace and power, and are fine specimens of the etcher's skill, which is now so much admired. The same publishers have brought out a translation of Octave Uzanne's very entertaining treatise on *The Fan*, historical and antiquarian, descriptive, anecdotal, gallant, and gossipy, the perusal of which may be recommended as affording good material for polite small-talk in any ball-room. It is copiously illustrated, by Paul Avril, with a variety of little groups and scenes, most of them innocently pretty, in the French style of the last century, a few of classical design, and some of the Renaissance, which may be thought rather too "free"; some are delicately tinted with blue or rose-colour. Another publication by this firm is that of *Types from Spanish Story*, compiled by James Mew; a series of short prose essays upon the old manners and customs of Castile, but founded chiefly upon the writings of Lazarillo de Tormes, Guzman d'Alfarache, Cervantes, and Le Sage. Thirty-six proof etchings, by R. de Los Rios, adorn this pleasant and instructive work; and their beauty, as well as their fidelity to nature, makes it a book of real value.

A delightful old acquaintance of ours, *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, from the irresistibly comical "Ingoldsby Legends," is reproduced by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, in a thin folio, enriched by Mr. Ernest Maurice Jessop with ornamental borders, initials, headpieces, and tailpieces of bold artistic design, the text being inscribed as manuscript, and with many droll pictures of the monks and friars, the Abbot and the Cardinal Lord Archbishop, and the famous Bird which came under a terrible Curse. The story is well known to lovers of literary fun.

Sentimental, affectionate, and seriously meditative poetry still keeps its hold upon thoughtful minds, both old and young. *Tablets of the Heart* (publishers, Raphael Tuck and Sons) is a title which some may think too sentimental. But the contents of this volume, selected and arranged with very good taste and judgment by the Rev. F. Langbridge, form a desirable collection of choice extracts from the best English poets, treating of Christmas, the New Year, and the Easter Festival, of Love and Courtship, Marriage, Birth, and Babyhood, Birthdays, Friendship, Bereavement and Affliction, besides a store of amusing tales, legends, "carols, fancies, and greetings;" all which go to "the heart," either in sad or in merry mood, with a claim to be impressed on its remembering "tablets." There are ten coloured illustrations, drawn by Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., Baroness von Beckendorf, and several other artists.

From the American publishers, Cupples, Upham, and Co., of Boston, we have received a light and pleasant book containing a tourist's description of *Spanish Ways and Bye-Ways*, with a glimpse of the Pyrenees, by Mr. W. H. Downes. It is adorned with fifty or sixty small engravings of fine quality, drawn by several artists who have travelled in Spain. The tourist's route is through Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, to Madrid, and thence to Seville and to Granada, back to the metropolis, where the superb galleries of paintings are critically studied; with a visit to the Escorial; and there is, of course, a chapter on the Alhambra and another on bull-fights. The later sketches refer to Biarritz, Pau, and the Pyrenean highlands, of which Mr. Downes gives an attractive account. He writes with much vivacity, and has a keen observation of popular life.

A poem by Sir Samuel Ferguson, of the Public Records Office, Dublin, entitled *The Forging of the Anchor*, seems modelled on Schiller's "Song of the Bell" and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship"; but is wholly original in thought and expression. The versification, though somewhat rough, has a well-sustained musical clang of rapidly beating rhyme, in some of the lines recurring at every fourth syllable; while the lines are of fourteen syllables, and run in couplets. Some passages, especially that which anticipates the wondrous things at the bottom of the sea where the anchor will be cast, show a high degree of imaginative power. There are about twenty illustrations, drawn and engraved by many of our best artists. Messrs. Cassell and Co. are the publishers.

It may be questioned whether the most beautiful books on flowers and birds are to be reckoned among Christmas gift-books; but Messrs. Cassell have produced two charming new volumes, *Familiar Garden Flowers*, by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, with coloured illustrations by Mr. F. E. Hulme; and *Familiar Wild Birds*, by Mr. W. Swainson, likewise furnished with coloured plates. Both series are valuable for their truthful representations of nature as well as for their artistic excellence; and this delightful kind of knowledge may be greatly assisted by their means.

The volume of Cassell's *Picturesque Europe* which is devoted to "The British Isles" has the strongest claim upon our regard. Its descriptions of "Old English Homes," of the west coast of Ireland, the Scottish Border, the Grampians, and the Highlands generally, the Welsh coast, the Cathedral cities of England, the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, the Lake country, North and South Devon, and the Isle of Wight, are accompanied by fine wood and steel engravings, the latter from the designs of Messrs. Birket Foster, J. Mogford, S. Read, E. M. Wimperis, W. Leitch, Harry Fenn, D. McKewen, J. B. Smith, and S. Cook. Among the wood engravings of architectural subjects, there are several of considerable merit.

As a comprehensive summary of historical narrative, from the earliest ages to modern times, Mr. Edmund Ollier's work, published by Messrs. Cassell under the title of the *Illustrated Universal History*, deserves high commendation. Its arrangement is judiciously designed, so as to review the immense and diversified mass of facts in four separate divisions—the first comprising "Ancient History," which includes that of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and other Asiatic Empires of antiquity, with Judea, the Greeks, and the Macedonian monarchies; the second volume consisting of the Roman History, to the end of the Western Empire. This second volume has now been completed, and, by the continuity of the narrative, the unity of its subject, and the clearness with which the author has set forth a great variety of incidents in due subordination to his principal theme, it presents a very interesting view of Rome, during more than a thousand years. It is understood that the third volume, now in progress, will be occupied with "The Middle Ages," and the

fourth volume, concluding the entire work, is to relate the progress of the world since the Reformation. Messrs. Cassell and Co. are fortunate in having engaged for this large task the services of an author whose mind is characterised by great breadth of sympathy and cordial regard for human interests, as well as by refined literary taste and skill proved in many former undertakings of this kind. The illustrations supplied to this volume are generally of a more authentic character than those in the first volume, including many representations of coins and sculpture, and views of extant buildings or their ruins, while the historical ground is much firmer than in the earlier parts of the "Ancient History."

The religious poetry of the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal has obtained some acceptance; and Messrs. Nisbet and Co. publish a volume of her *Life Echoes*, with twelve illustrations by the Baroness Helga von Cramm, mostly of landscape and flower subjects, printed in colours, and with other elegant decorations.

We must not omit to notice a few more books for children. One of the merriest, pleasantest, and most wholesome is *All Play*, by Ismay Thorn, with T. Pym's drawings full of child-like grace and humour. The whole little family, Guy, Dulcie, Wavy, Tomtit, and Ina, are well worth knowing, for it is impossible not to love them, and not to laugh at them. They are sometimes rather naughty, but with a tendency to become good, which is perhaps as much as can be expected of children.

The humorous and inventive author of that strange tale, "Among the Gibjigs," Mr. Sydney Hodges, has contrived another narrative of a similar complexion, *Among the Wobblins*, which is published also by Messrs. Remington and Co. He has dedicated this fairy story for children, by permission, to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. It is clever and sufficiently diverting, and Mr. Horace Petherick has furnished a set of illustrations reminding us of Ernest Griset.

The designation of *School-girls*, all the *World Over* (Routledge) seems distractingly wide; but the girls whose different schooling is here described are a young Greek, a young Japanese, a young Hawaiian, a Montenegrin, a Negress, a Mexican, and a Hindoo. There are a hundred illustrations to this little volume. *Old Wives' Fables*, by M. Edouard Laboulaye, consists of Breton, Bohemian, Neapolitan, Finnish, Norwegian, Icelandic, and other stories, which are illustrated still more abundantly. *Cheep and Chatter*, or, *Lessons from Field and Tree*, by Alice Banks (publishers, Blackie and Son), is a very good set of pretty moral fables, in which beasts, birds, and insects teach sound lessons to the children. There are fifty-four illustrations by Gordon Browne.

Among the publications for juvenile reading should be mentioned a prose version of *Chaucer's Stories*, *Simply Told*, by Mary Seymour, with illustrations by E. M. Scannell (T. Nelson); *Robinson Crusoe*, with Stothard's designs engraved by Heath (J. Hogg); another edition of *Defoe's Tale*, illustrated by Kauffman (T. Fisher Unwin); *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, a prose narrative, by Howard Pyle (Sampson Low and Co.); and Ritson's collection of the Robin Hood ballads (Routledge), with drawings by Gordon Browne; *Every Boy's Book* (Routledge), a manual of all sorts of games and sports; *Peter Parley's Annual* (B. George), with stories and coloured pictures; *True Tales for my Grandsons*, by Sir Samuel Baker (Macmillan); and *Inglenook Stories*, by Mrs. Stanley Leathes, with drawings by M. Irwin (J. F. Shaw).

Two very pretty books of coloured pictures, with lively chatter in prose and rhyme, for the younger children, are included among the publications of Messrs. Dean and Son. *At the Mother's Knee*, by M. J. Tisley, the author and artist of "Aunt Louisa's Toy-Books," is one of these; and the other is *So Happy*, by one of the designers of "Dottie's Pets." We are sure that they will please both the mothers and the infants. Equal praise is due to *London Town*, designed and illustrated by two good artists of this kind, Thomas Crane and Ellen Houghton. The publishers are Marcus Ward and Co., of London, Belfast, and New York.

The story of *The March Hares and their Friends*, told in verse of the "John Gilpin" pattern, illustrated by Mr. Arthur S. Gibson (publishers, Griffith and Furrer), is one that children will find amusing. The artist has a decided talent for putting queer human expression into the faces and figures of animals; the scenes in which, at an evening party, the Pig, the Sheep, the Greyhound, and the Hares, dance together, sit talking on the chairs and sofa, or listen to one playing and singing at the piano, are really good.

Of books for the nursery, Messrs. F. Warne and Co. publish the *Forget-me-not Series*, including "Forget-me-not," "Autumn Days," "Pearl and Daisy," and "Spring Flowers," all beautifully coloured; and the *Queen's Gift Series*, of smaller size, which are equally pretty. There will be a great abundance of such things for Christmas; and one called *Daisy Dimple's Scrap-book* (Cassell and Co.) is full of interesting and instructive pictures, but not coloured.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. publish an excellent reading-book for children of seven or eight years, or younger, entitled *The Child's Instructor*; which is, indeed, a very attractive and entertaining lesson-book on various branches of knowledge, sweetened with short stories and pictures. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, natural science, chemistry, and "something about my own little body," are here very simply and agreeably taught. These are the publishers to whom older students, especially young men reading for self-improvement, are much indebted for the "Universal Instructor," "Epochs and Episodes of History," and "Popular Scientific Recreations;" besides "Amateur Work," a second volume of which has just come out.

We have received the yearly volumes of the following illustrated magazines, the contents of which have appeared from month to month or from week to week during the past year:—"The Leisure Hour," 1883; with the "Boy's Own Annual" ("Boy's Own Paper") and the "Girl's Own Annual," both from the "Leisure Hour" Office; "Good Words," 1883; the "Sunday Magazine" (Isbister and Co.); "The Welcome" and "The Welcome Hour" (S. W. Partridge); "The Union Jack," edited by G. W. Henty (Sampson Low); "St. Nicholas," in two parts (F. Warne); and "The Sunday at Home" (Religious Tract Society). But these are to be distinguished from the regular annuals compiled expressly for the approaching new year; amongst which we would especially commend "Aunt Judy's Annual Volume," edited by Mrs. Gatty (Bemrose and Sons); Routledge's "Every Boy's Annual," and "Every Girl's Annual"; the "Rosebud Annual" (James Clarke and Co.); and "Little Wideawake" (Routledge).

Mr. Edward James Gray, a member of the Common Council, was on Wednesday elected an Alderman for Tower ward.

Lord Waveney has been appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Antrim, in room of the late Marquis of Donegall.

A *Gazette* notice states that the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Science, conferred by the University of New Zealand, are in future to be recognised as fully as if they had been granted by any University in the United Kingdom.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE, POULTRY, AND DOG SHOW.

The thirty-fifth yearly exhibition of fat cattle, sheep, pigs, roots, corn, implements, poultry, and pigeons, in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, with an accompanying dog show, was held from Saturday, the 1st inst., to Thursday, the 6th. It was visited on the first day by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, and by the Marquis of Lorne on the Monday. The total number of entries was 4840, but only 101 cattle, whereas 150 cattle were exhibited in last year's show. This is ascribed to the decision of the London show committees not to admit cattle that have been shown in provincial towns. There was a falling off also in sheep, the entries numbering 72 as compared with 85 last year. There was a slight increase in pigs, while in all the other departments there was a large increase. This was most noted in the poultry and pig-on exhibits, which for several years have been growing in importance. For the first there were offered four prizes—a challenge cup of £50 value, two of £30, and one of £20—by "a few fanciers" in the class for game fowls; while the useful sort of barn-door produce was encouraged by the offer of prizes for table poultry to be selected by the judges and killed and dressed in the show, and for preserved eggs. The prize list this year reached the sum of £2920, of which £1135 was for cattle. Though smaller in number, the quality of the cattle, except perhaps the longhorns and Devons, showed no decline of excellence. The subject of our first illustration is No. 101 in the list of cattle, a four-year-old ox, of the longhorn breed, owned by the Duke of Buckingham, which was adjudged "the heaviest and best beast of any breed or age." No. 85 is the cow belonging to Mr. John Baker, of Wisbech, but bred by Lord Lovat, which won an extra prize. Some of the others need not be particularised, especially among the dogs and the poultry. The mandarin duck, No. 2582, belonging to Mr. S. Wade, of Leeds, will be noticed for the singular arrangement of its tail-feathers.

A whale has been captured in the Menai Straits, having become stranded in its endeavour to escape from four boatmen, who captured it after an exciting chase.

On Monday the Duke of Portland distributed the prizes at the Chesterfield School of Art; Sir Farrer Herschell, M.P., the Solicitor-General, gave away the prizes to the boys of the Battersea middle-class school; and Professor Huxley distributed the prizes gained at the Finsbury Technical College. Alluding to the progress made in technical education, he predicted that the present generation would see a far greater development of the system throughout the country. On Tuesday Sir Charles Dilke distributed the prizes to the students of the Broadway Science and Art Classes, Hammersmith.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 22.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16.	
Third Sunday in Advent. Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends. Morning Lessons: Isaiah xxv; Jude ix. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxvi or xxviii, 5-19; John xxi. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. F. Pigott. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.; 7 p.m., Rev. F. J. Chavasse. St. James's, noon, Rev. F. Gadden, the sub-Dean. Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. Canon Tindal; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon B. F. Smith (for St. Peter's Orphanage, Thane). Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. T. Stevens, Vicar of Saffron Walden.	
MONDAY, DEC. 17.	
Asiatic Society, 4 p.m., Mr. Sinclair on Fishes of Western India. Institute of Painters in Oil, opening of Exhibition. Oxford Michaelmas Term ends. British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. E. J. Tarrver on English Architecture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m., discussion on Mr. J. W. Bund's paper.	London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. C. Ambruster on the Musical Dramas of Richard Wagner. Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor A. H. Church on Engravings, &c. Actualists' Institute, 7 p.m. Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Mr. W. M. Williams on the Scientific Basis of Cookery. Hospital Sunday Fund, meeting at Mansion House, 3 p.m.
TUESDAY, DEC. 18.	
Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. Photographic Society, technical meeting, 8 p.m.	Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m. Westminster Play, 7.30 p.m., "The Triclinium" of Plautus; and on Thursday.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19.	
Bankers' Institute, 6 p.m., Mr. M. Malleson on the Law of Partnership. Meteorological Society, 7 p.m. Geological Society, 8 p.m. Royal Society of Literature, 8 p.m. Sacred Harmonic Society, St. James's Hall, "The Messiah."	Society of Arts, 8 p.m., the Marquis of Lorne, "Canada and its Products." Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Messrs. R. M. and F. J. Bancroft on Chimney Construction.
THURSDAY, DEC. 20.	
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. Linnean Society, 8 p.m., Messrs. F. O. Bower, J. R. Greene, A. Doran, M. C. Potter, and W. Gardner. London Institution, 7 p.m., Professor W. H. Flower on Whales. Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.	Historical Society, 8 p.m., Mr. O. Browning on the Triple Alliance of 1793. Benevolent or Strangers' Friend Society, an. meeting, Mansion House. Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. W. Marriott on Meteorology.
FRIDAY, DEC. 21.	
St. Thomas, Apostle and Martyr. Milton's last quarter, 8.8 a.m. Michaelmas L.V. Sitings end. Common Council of London elected.	Philological Society, 8 p.m., paper by Mr. W. R. Browne. Royal Academy of Music, Students' Concert, St. James's Hall, 2.30 p.m.
SATURDAY, DEC. 22.—Popular Concert, 3 p.m.	

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 15' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

		DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.			
DAY.		Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 A.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
		Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.
Nov.	25	29.04	50.9	46.4	86	7	54.8	45.2	SSW.	563	0.150
	26	29.278	44.7	39.1	82	4	51.0	39.6	SSW. WSW.	305	0.010
	27	30.021	44.0	39.9	84	5	48.8	36.1	WSW. SSW.	206	0.000
	28	30.317	48.0	41.6	89	4	53.8	40.9	SSW.	206	0.010
	29	30.308	43.2	40.3	91	7	48.7	36.4	SSW. S.S.E. SW.	124	0.000
Dec.	30	30.130	47.0	43.8	89	8	51.1	41.1	WSW.	256	0.130
	1	30.291	41.9	35.0	78	7	46.9	36.9	WNW.	309	0.010
	2	30.253	42.1	37.4	85	8	45.2	36.6	WNW.	139	0.000
	3	29.698	43.1	42.6	83	8	54.2	35.2	WSW. W.	371	0.040
	4	29.818	38.8	29.7	72	2	51.7	36.8	NW. NNW.	499	0.000
	5	30.032	36.3	29.4	76	3	40.5	32.6	NNW.	211	0.010
	6	30.207	31.1	21.8	71	7	31.2	25.8	NNW. NNE.	415	0.030
	7	30.536	33.9	25.3	73	7	35.5	30.5	NNE.	284	0.000
	8	30.415	34.0	28.5	82	10	35.2	31.4	NW. WSW.	50	0.000

* Dew. † Snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

FROM NOVEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 1.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.065	29.104	29.932	30.255	30.356	30.269	30.239				
Temperature of Air	53.4	47.7	39.8	61.3	41.6	48.5	43.9				
Temperature of Evaporation	62.3	45.9	38.6	49.7	40.9	45.4	40.6				
Direction of Wind	SSW.	SW.	WSW.	SSW.	SSW.	WSW.	NNW.				
FROM DECEMBER 2 TO DECEMBER 8.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.263	29.875	29.110	30.108	30.079	30.338	30.473				
Temperature of Air	44.0	44.6	40.0	38.0	33.1	34.1	33.9				
Temperature of Evaporation	41.0	42.0	35.6	33.0	32.4	31.7	31.2				
Direction of Wind	WSW.	WSW.	NW.	NNW.	N.	NNE.	NW.				

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

The Right Hon. George Grimston Craven, third Earl of Craven and Viscount Uffington, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and ninth Baron Craven, of Hamstead Marshall, Berks, in the Peerage of England, High Steward of Newbury, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Berkshire, and Captain of the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, died at his seat, Ashdown Park, near Lamborne, on the 17th inst. He was born March 16, 1841, the second son of William, second Earl of Craven, by Emily Mary, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Verulam, and succeeded his father Aug. 25, 1866. He married, Jan. 17, 1867, Evelyn Laura, second daughter of Viscount Barrington, and leaves surviving issue three sons and one daughter. Of the former, the eldest, William George Robert, Viscount Uffington, born Dec. 16, 1868, becomes fourth Earl of Craven.

SIR MATTHEW BLAKISTON, BART.
Sir Matthew Blakiston, fourth Baronet, of Sandy Brooke Hall, Derbyshire, died on the 3rd inst. He was born Jan. 15, 1811, the eldest son of Sir Matthew, the third Baronet, by Lucy, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. James Mann, of Linton Place, Kent, and was great-grandson of Sir Matthew Blakiston, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1760, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1763. The late Baronet, who was M.A. Trinity College, Dublin, succeeded his father Dec. 23, 1862, but never married. The title now devolves on his nephew, Sir Horace Nevile Blakiston, the present and fifth Baronet, who was born Aug. 2, 1861.

SIR R. P. AMPHLETT.
The Right Hon. Sir Richard Paul Amphlett, Q.C., M.A., of Wychbold Hall, in the county of Worcester, J.P. and D.L., late Lord Justice of Appeal and a Privy Councillor, died on the 7th inst. He was born in 1809, the eldest son of the Rev. Richard Holmden Amphlett, Rector of Hadzor, in the county of Worcester, was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge (where he graduated sixth Wrangler in 1831, and became a Fellow), and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1858. His practice was confined to the Courts of Chancery, and soon was very extensive. In 1858 he obtained a silk gown, and was made a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1874, a Baron of the Exchequer, and a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1876. In the following year ill-health caused his retirement from the Bench. He had sat in the House of Commons as member for East Worcestershire from 1868 to 1874. He married, first, Dec. 2, 1840, Frances, only child and heiress of Mr. Edward Ferrand, of St. Ives, Yorkshire, which lady died Aug. 23, 1879; and secondly, April 22, 1880, Sarah Amelia, youngest daughter of Mr. C. W. Martin, of Belvedere, Hants.—A portrait of Baron Amphlett was published in the *Illustrated London News* of Feb. 7, 1874.

We have also to record the deaths of—
Mr. Richard Doyle, the well-known artist, died on the 11th inst. We hope to be able to give his portrait next week.

Lieutenant-General John Talbot Shakespear, Bengal Staff Corps, on the 28th ult., aged sixty-three.

Mr. Alexander G. Richey, Q.C., LL.D., Deputy Regius Professor of Feudal and English Law in the University of Dublin, an able lawyer and a learned historian, on the 29th ult., in his fifty-fourth year.

Charlotte, Lady Rose, wife of Sir John Rose, Bart., of Montreal, G.C.M.G., and daughter of Mr. Robert Emmett Temple, of Rutland, United States, on the 3rd inst., at 18, Queen's-gate.

Mr. Moses Griffith, of Manor Owen, county Pembroke, J.P. and D.L., on the 29th ult., aged ninety-five. An old Peninsular surgeon in Wellington's army, having served at Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, and other great engagements. He was subsequently employed in India, Arabia, and Burmah.

Admiral George Sumner Hand, C.B., on the 1st inst., aged seventy-six. Son of the late Rev. John Staples Hand, entered Royal Navy in 1821, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1879. Served in Burmese war of 1825, and in China, 1857-8; was at the attack on Canton and the storming of Namtow, and was created C.B. in 1859.

Mr. Charles Marriott Caldecott, of Holbrook Grange, Rugby, Warwickshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 30th ult. He was youngest son of Mr. Abraham Caldecott, who purchased the manor of Rugby, and was High Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1821. The same office was also filled by Mr. Charles Caldecott in 1863.

The twenty-sixth examinations under the auspices of the Cambridge University syndicate have obtained a much larger entry than ever before. The total number of candidates is—boys, 5010, as compared with 4574 last year; girls, 3277, as compared with 3066 last year. The examinations take place this year a week later than usual.

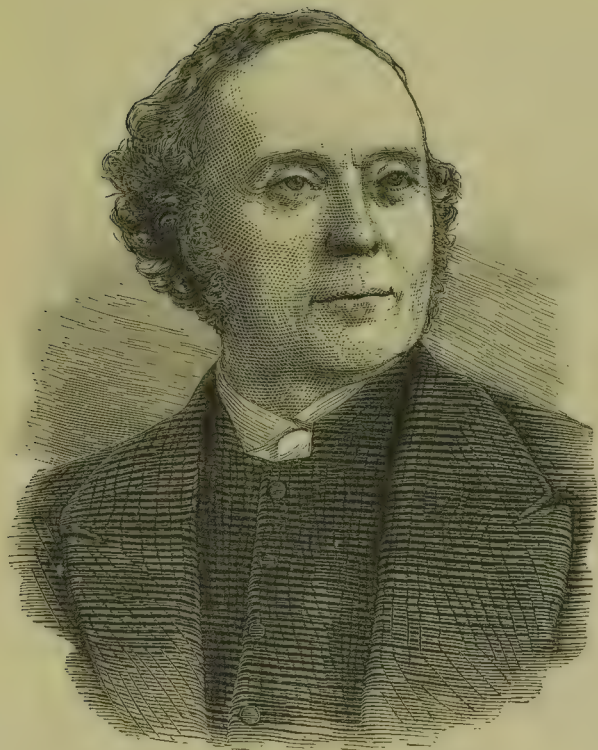
The four-hundredth anniversary of the "friendship" of the Skinners' and Merchant Taylors' Companies was celebrated on the 6th inst. by a banquet at Skinners' Hall. It was in A.D. 1483 that the disputed question of precedence between them was settled by an agreement that they should have precedence alternately, and that each should dine in the other's hall once a year.

Lord Coleridge, with Justices Stephen and Mathew, sitting at the Divisional Court, decided on Tuesday, on an appeal brought by the Metropolitan Board of Works, that Mr. Pritchard, of Hampstead, has been within his rights in playing cricket on Hampstead-heath, and that the Justices of the Petty Sessions had been right in so deciding. The appeal against their decision was therefore dismissed, with costs.

The quickly growing suburban village of Willesden is favoured this winter by the institution of an excellent series of popular lectures, at the Willesden High School, upon literary and scientific themes; amongst which our well-known Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, delivered one last week, entitled "Two Summers in the Himalayas," illustrated by a collection of his sketches, drawings, and paintings, with costumes of the people, a Buddhist "praying-wheel," and other curiosities of that region. Lectures on "Deep-Sea Life," "Ice, Water, and Steam," by Mr. Lant Carpenter, and Chemistry, by Mr. Mattieu Williams, are included in the course.



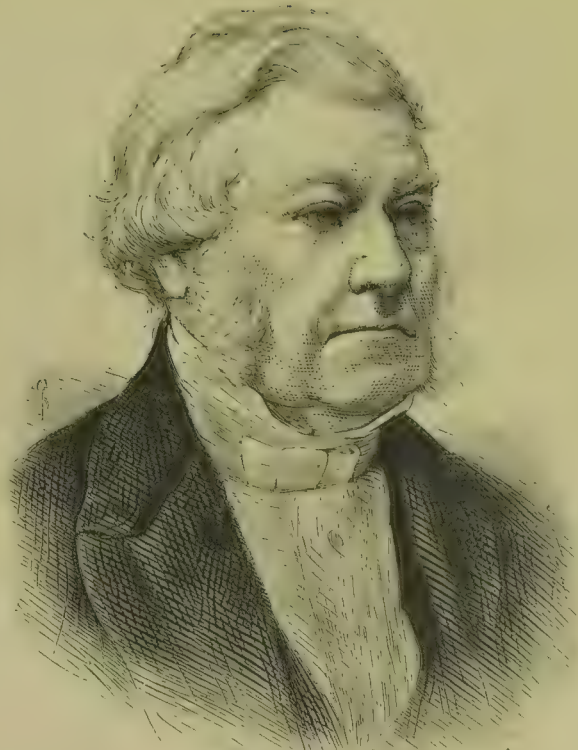
THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE, POULTRY, AND DOG SHOW.



THE RIGHT REV. DR. ALFRED BARRY,
BISHOP OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



MAJOR BARON ALFRED VON SECKENDORFF,
PRISONER IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE ALDERMAN FINNIS.

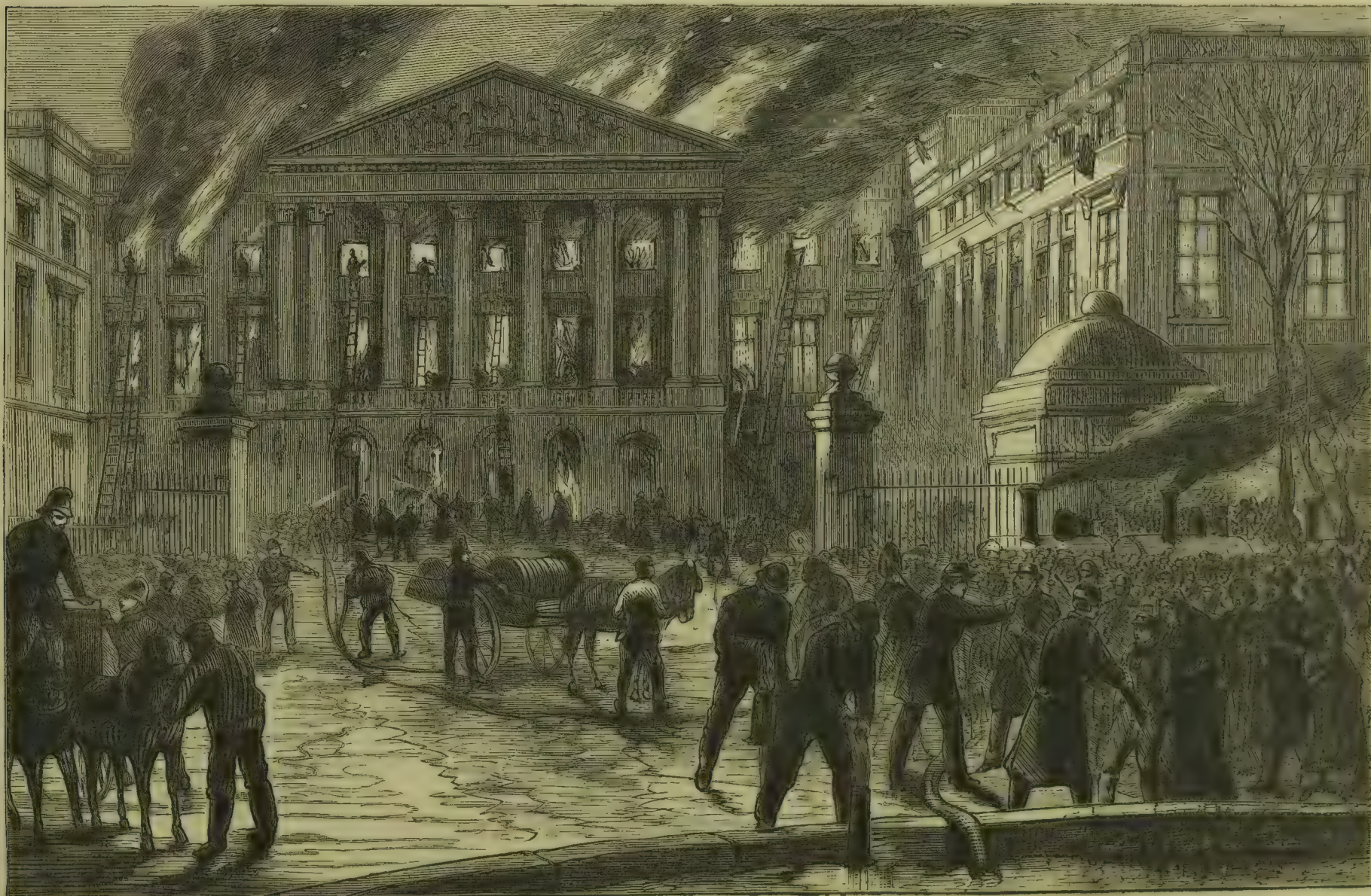
MAJOR BARON VON SECKENDORFF.

In the confused and uncertain rumours that have as yet reached Cairo, with regard to the European survivors of Hicks Pasha's army, the only person distinctly mentioned by name is Mr. Frank Vizetelly, who is said to be now a prisoner at El Obeid; but there is also some mention of a wounded European officer, who is described as very tall, and having a yellow beard. This is believed to be Major Baron Alfred von Seckendorff, of the Austrian army, who was Adjutant-General on the staff of Hicks Pasha; and there seems reason to hope that his life has been spared. We have received from his cousin, Professor Baron Arthur von Seckendorff, of Vienna, Privy Councillor and Director of the Cultivation of Forests, a photograph of the gallant Major, which is reproduced in our Engraving. The last private letter received from him by his Vienna friends was dated Sept. 25, at Duem, on the White Nile, and, having been published in a Vienna paper, was translated in the *Daily News*. It describes the fatiguing twelve-days' march from Khartoum to Duem,

with 11,000 men and 6000 beasts, camels, horses and mules, and says, "We hope to be in Obeid in five weeks, if we do not die of thirst on the road." For, as he states in another part of his letter, "the lack of water is terrible; all the wells on the road are destroyed; when we march from here we leave the Nile, and other rivers there are none; and we cannot carry more water than we need for twenty-four hours." He says, again, "the False Prophet will give endless trouble. He musters a great force, and disposes of over 15,000 good breechloaders and fourteen cannons, besides holding two fortified cities, Bara and Obeid. The latter is the capital of Kordofan. The most important thing is that he commands well-mounted cavalry, and fanaticism makes heroes of all his people—a description which certainly does not apply to our troops. If our cavalry gives timely notice of attack from the Arabs, then all will go well; but if they succeed in taking us by surprise, then we must be prepared for the worst. If they defeat us once, not one of us will return home, for then the entire Soudan will rise as one man. Khartoum and all will be lost. The people will then place unbounded faith in the False Prophet. This shows you that our position is by no means enviable. Yet I have not painted things darker than they are." We have since received information of a military disaster quite equalling these gloomy anticipations.

THE LATE ALDERMAN FINNIS.

The death of this esteemed member of the Corporation of the City of London was recorded in our last week's Obituary. Alderman Thomas Quested Finnis was in the eighty-third year of his age. He was, after being previously a member of the Court of Common Council, elected Alderman of Tower Ward in January, 1848. In the same year he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, in the mayoralty of Sir James Duke, and in 1856-7 he was Lord Mayor of London. In that year the Indian Mutiny broke out, and Lord Mayor Finnis opened a memorable relief fund at the Mansion House. His brother, Colonel Finnis, was the first officer killed in the mutiny. He became senior Alderman on the resignation of Mr. Alderman Sidney, in 1880, and now Sir Robert Carden, M.P., becomes the senior. Mr. Alderman Finnis was Deputy-Chairman of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company, and of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company. He was a widower, without family. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. H. Tuck, of Regent-street.



BURNING OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT BRUSSELS.

CONTINENTAL ART NOTES.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ART IN VIENNA. SECOND NOTICE.

The more mechanical forms of engraving were well illustrated by the series of Austrian bank-notes extending over a period of half a century. The interest of this collection was considerably enhanced when one looked round and observed how jealously it was guarded by a Government detective. There was considerable variety in the designs, and their execution was often of a kind to draw forth admiration; but how anyone contemplating forgery could possibly have an opportunity of producing the necessary photographs, even in the absence of a watchman, one could scarcely see. The Prussian Government, who had a like, though more limited, collection, were not so solicitous for the safety of their bank-note designs, and allowed the same to remain on view unguarded. It was a pity, we thought at the time, that this commercial application of the engraver's art was not further illustrated by examples from other countries. Scotland and the United States could have shown something in this way. The latter country, indeed, does send "Specimens of engraving for transferring purposes to be used on bank-notes." They consist of small portrait heads of famous Americans, and the engraver is Charles K. Burt.

As an example of architectural engraving, nothing could be finer than H. Bültmeyer's "Votivkirche," which the grateful Viennese erected lately to commemorate the escape of their present Emperor from the hand of an assassin some thirty years ago. It is a remarkably handsome Gothic edifice, and stands in the neighbourhood of the new municipal buildings, which in extent equal our own Law Courts, and in beauty and unity of effect far surpass them. This votive church has, in the eyes of Londoners, a special importance, inasmuch as our Catholic brethren, unless they have changed their minds lately, have resolved to erect an exact replica of it in Westminster for their new cathedral. That the proportions of the Vienna church are both harmonious and stately, and in perfect keeping with the precise period which its accomplished architect, R. Ferstel, had chosen, we are quite willing to allow; but what would the shades of Pugin, Scott, and Street think of our going all the way to Southern Germany for the model of our English Gothic cathedral? We regret to have to record that the Austrian architect, Ferstel, went over to the majority a few months ago. So far he was happier than the author of the Brussels law courts—the most striking architectural monument of the classic kind, perhaps, in Europe—inasmuch as he lived to see his design completed and filled with worshippers.

Turning to the English section of the exhibition, and surveying the works of Samuel Cousins in mezzotint, Lumb Stocks and Barlow in line of the modern mixed kind, Slocombe, Herkomer, and Haden in etching, and the wood engraving, of such papers as the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, the former occupying almost an entire room with a series of very striking woodcuts, we feel that we have no reason to be ashamed. At the same time, we must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are supreme in everything.

In pure line we have nothing to place against Jacoby's "School of Athens" after Raphael, or Edward Mundel's "Madonna Sistina," and it is matter of great regret that the graver of the latter should have been withdrawn by the hand of death before he had quite finished his *magnum opus*. It was left to a pupil as loyal as he is gifted to put the final touches to the master's work. Henriquel Dupont, Leopold Flameng, and several others are not to be approached on equal terms by any of our countrymen. Indeed, the only gold-medal holder we can claim is Hubert Herkomer, and it was given not for pure line, but for excellence in a general way in various branches of the graphic art.

Admirable also, though many of our etchings undoubtedly were, notwithstanding the absence of Mr. Whistler, we cannot pretend for a moment to cope with such men as Charles Waltham and many other Parisian artists that could be named. Indeed, so far as modern practice goes, the Parisians have the advantage of us by a whole generation, and employ it for a multitude of purposes we should never dream of.

England, therefore, so far as the Vienna Exhibition enables one to judge, is scarcely entitled to the first rank either in line engraving or etching. Strange to say, in both branches the United States of America have made prodigious strides lately. C. K. Burt in line, and in etching the members of the New York Etching Club make a display which would do credit to any State in Europe; but strangest of all, we were going to say, forgetful, for the moment, how largely Americans encourage illustrated works of every kind, they take the first place in wood engraving.

Pannemaeker, of Paris, shows some woodwork as fine as steel engravings; but in the book illustration of America we have work as exquisite and brilliant as anything that accomplished master of the craft has ever done. Our cousins may not always follow the orthodox, which in this case are, we think, the true lines laid down by the English Bewick; but in spite of that, their small portraits and vignettes are wonderfully charming. Johnson, Juengling, Dana, Davis, Hoskin, Cole, and Closson are names to be held in honour; and of this we are certain, that, had a gold medal been given for wood engraving, it would have been one of these men who would have won it.

The art-publishers in London who have received diplomas of honour are Goupil and Co., of Bond-street; L. H. Lefevre, of King street, St. James's; Cassell and Co.; and the Fine-Art Society. The Etching Club of New York, George Barrie, of Philadelphia, and L. Prang and Co., of Boston, have well earned a like honour.

Before concluding these hurried notes on the most instructive art-exhibition of the year, we must say a word in emphatic praise of the *Illustrated Catalogue* which the Vienna Society for the Reproduction of Works in Fine Art has produced. A more complete or instructive souvenir of the exhibition one could scarcely wish. It is quarto in size, and more than an inch in thickness, and, besides explanatory letter-press, contains a great number of full-page illustrations of every kind of graphic art known up to this current time. Line engraving, etching, mezzotint, photogravure, heliotype, photo-type, heliochrome, and several other processes are all represented by the very choicest examples; and anyone possessing the volume will in after time be able to see at a glance what was the precise position of graphic art in the year of grace 1883.

Resolutions, supported by Lord Claud Hamilton and others, were unanimously passed at a meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, on Sunday, in support of the early closing movement carried on by the Shop Hours Labour League.

The whole of the governors of the University for North Wales having been elected, the Earl of Powis, who is the president of the executive committee, has summoned a meeting, to be held at Chester, for the election of a council. Donations of £1000 have been given by the Duke of Westminster, Lord Penrhyn, Mr. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. R. Davies, M.P., Mr. Hudson, and Mr. John Roberts, M.P.

A mandamus was on Monday ordered to issue from the Queen's Bench Division compelling the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to return an excess of probate duty paid to them. The Commissioners declined to return the over-payment, and contended that the applicant's only remedy was by a petition of right; but the Judges ruled that they must fulfil the distinct obligation prescribed in the statute, and return the money.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SYDNEY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Alfred Barry, who has been appointed Bishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales, and Primate of Australia, is a son of the late Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his Bachelor's degree as Fourth Wrangler (seventh in the first class of the Classical Tripos) and as Smith's prizeman in 1848, proceeding M.A. in 1851, B.D. in 1858, and D.D. in 1865; he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. He was ordained deacon by Dr. Tait, Bishop of Ely, in 1850, and admitted into priest's orders by the Bishop of Oxford in 1853. From 1850 till 1854 he was Sub-Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, and he held the head-mastership of the Grammar School at Leeds from the latter date till 1862, when he was appointed Principal of Cheltenham College, which position he held till 1868, when he was elected to the post of Principal at King's College, London. Dr. Barry was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1869 to 1872, and Boyle Lecturer from 1876 to 1878. He was created a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1870, and appointed Canon-Residentiary of Worcester Cathedral in 1871, Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen in 1879, and Canon of Westminster in 1881. Dr. Barry is the author of many published sermons, notes on Scripture, and treatises on religious subjects, and of a biographical memoir of his father.

BURNING OF THE BELGIAN CHAMBER OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The "Palace of the Nation," at Brussels, containing the Chambers of the Belgian Senate and Assembly of Representatives, was partially destroyed by fire on Thursday week. The Chamber of Representatives was entirely consumed, together with the Parliamentary Library; but that part of the building which is occupied by the Senate was preserved. The fire broke out towards five in the afternoon, about the time when the sitting of the Chamber was adjourned for the day. It is believed to have originated with the gas-burner in the cupola overhead; the flames were fanned by the draught from the ventilating shaft within the building and by a strong wind blowing outside. There was some delay in bringing the engines, and the fire was not subdued till midnight. Two of the firemen were killed, and seven were injured. We present an illustration of the fire. The "Palais de la Nation," thus more than half destroyed, was on the north side of the Royal Park, in the Rue de la Loi, and opposite the Royal Palace. It was erected in the last century, under the Austrian Government of these provinces, by the Empress Maria Theresa, for the assemblies of the old Council of Brabant; and it was the Palais des États Généraux from 1817 to 1830. The half relief representations in the large pediment over the main entrance were by Godecharles, and illustrated the administration of justice. The vestibule, which was open to the public, was adorned with four allegorical figures of Freedom, of Religion, of Association, and of Instruction. From this vestibule the Chamber of Representatives was entered to the right hand, and the Senate Chamber to the left. The loss of the library, which contained 125,000 volumes, and many valuable records, is also much deplored.

In a case at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, in which Thomas Henry Winter was charged with conspiring to defraud the Army and Navy Stores, it was stated, on the conclusion of Mr. Poland's speech for the prosecution, that two of the jurymen were of opinion that the "stores were a lot of cheats and blacklegs," and they were replaced by two fresh jurors. Ultimately, however, the jury failed to agree, and were discharged.

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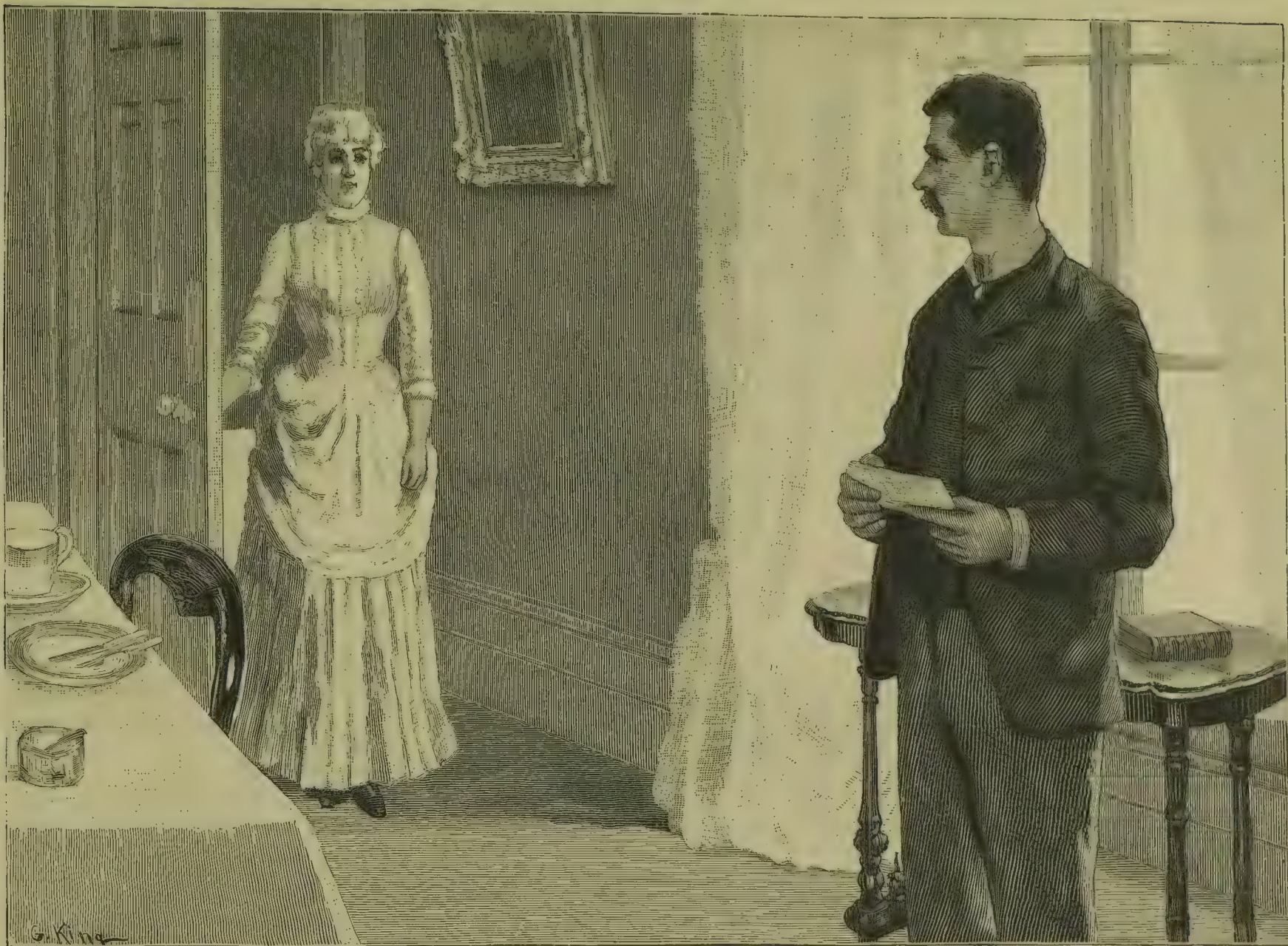
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THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII. THE LAST INTERVIEW.



THE records of old prison life there is a ghastly story of two lifelong enemies, who, having been sentenced for their crimes to the same punishment, find themselves chained together and fated to pass the remainder of their existence in each other's company. It ends comparatively happily, or, at all events, better than might have been expected, for the stronger in a fit of uncontrollable passion murders the weaker, and is promptly hung for it.

In married life, the fetters which unite the miserable pair who abhor one another are not so easily loosed. On the other hand, the bond is not quite so close. If they are poor indeed, it is terribly near: to have to share the same bed and board with one we fear or despise must be a torture beyond the imagination of an inquisitor; this is the chief reason, no doubt, why murders occur in domestic life among the lower orders so much oftener than among the well-to-do. In the latter case there is room for man and wife to live, and breathe, and have their being, apart from one another; they are married only in name, and coexistence is made endurable. I am speaking of course of sensitive persons. The majority of mankind, fortunately, are not "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," or indeed with any very delicate feelings; to a great many men one wife is as good as another (though perhaps not so good as two), and to a great many women one husband is as good as another, just as one acquaintance is as good, to most people, as another. "We are not perfect ourselves, and must not expect perfection in others," was a remark once made to me by a good woman, with reference to one who for his treatment of her deserved the gallows.

Sophy Adair was not a wife of that kind. Little as she saw of her husband, she would have gone mad had it not been for the preoccupation of her mind with her sick child. That was the tie that bound her to existence; everything else prompted her to escape from it.

For weeks, of late, Adair had been scarcely ever at home. He breakfasted early by himself, and left the house only to return to it after its inmates had retired to rest. Some-

times he sent a telegram from his office, "Shall bring a friend this evening who will dine alone with me." Upon the first occasion Sophy had understood this to mean that, though her husband did not wish to see her at table, he meant her to welcome their guest in the drawing-room. An unpleasant task enough, but one which, however, she did not shrink from; not from any notion of pleasing her husband (for such an illusion had long vanished), nor from any sense of duty, nor even from fear of him, but from a mere mechanical impulse on which she now always acted except in matters which concerned her child.

The guest arrived, a tall, stout, florid personage, covered with jewellery, and smoking an immense cigar. He was a few paces in advance of his host. "Hullo, Petticoats!" he exclaimed, not, in "hushed amaze," by any means, but with naïve and very undisguised astonishment.

Adair's thin face, behind him, grew pale with fury.

"That is my wife, Mr. Dawson. I suppose my telegram miscarried," addressing himself with cold precision to Sophy.

"Glad it did. Wanted to keep you dark, I reckon, from yours truly," observed the new comer. "Your husband is one of them as is all for business, ma'am. For my part, I like it mixed."

The manner of the man was odious, yet not so bad as his expression. The one suggested coarse vulgarity, the other villainy.

To do Adair justice, he had not intended to introduce this man to his wife's society; but that he should have invited such a person to his own house was significant indeed of the social depths to which he had sunk. It could not have been boon companionship that had caused him to do so, for he had no taste for it; it must have been downright necessity. The very parlour-maid was cognisant that there was "something queer" in her having to wait on such a guest.

Mr. Dawson's conversational powers (often in inverse ratio to the personal attractions of their possessor) seemed to recommend him to his host, for he came again and again. On the other hand, things did not always go smoothly with them. Mr. Dawson's voice was sometimes pitched in a higher key than is used for anecdote, and he was more than once heard to thump the table with an emphasis too great for mere appreciation. There were certainly disagreements, possibly quarrels. On one occasion a very strange circumstance came under the notice of the parlour-maid. Her master had brought a new friend home, with whom he dined alone, as usual—a much older and less talkative gentleman, but in whose voice and manner there was something, nevertheless, familiar to her. His behaviour, too, was familiar, for he chuckled her under the chin at parting, exactly as it had been Mr. Dawson's wont to do; and in the performance of this ceremony—which, according to her own account, she strenuously resisted—his long white beard came off and revealed Mr. Dawson himself. A wig is a common ornament enough, but a false beard hung on by the ears is an unusual addition to the human countenance, and excites comment.

It was concluded, even by those of his own household, that Mr. John Adair was getting into bad company.

One morning, instead of leaving home as usual, directly he had swallowed his early meal, Adair sent for Sophy to the breakfast-room. She had not seen him for some days, and even to her eyes (in which there was no wifely interest) the change in him was very remarkable. His face was thinner and more haggard than she had ever seen it; it looked pale and anxious, but with a certain determined ferocity about it like that of some hunted wolf that listens for the cry of the hounds. He had a telegram in his hand which he had just received, and which he was turning and twisting nervously. He glanced up at her white steadfast face as she entered the room, and then walked to the window, keeping his back to her.

"How is the child?" he said, in hoarse, quick tones.

"Better; I trust certainly better, though she gains strength very slowly."

"That's well," he said, with an unmistakable sigh of relief; "we must leave home to-day."

"Leave home! You have surely not the doctor's sanction for that?"

"I have," he answered, positively; "and if I had not, still we must leave home. Please to give me your best attention, Madam, instead of asking questions or making objections. Something has gone wrong in the City; it is useless to attempt to explain it—women know nothing of such things—but it has become necessary for me to go abroad until the thing has blown over. You need not fear for the child, for she will travel with the utmost comfort. Here is some money." He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and pulling out a great sheaf of bank-notes threw one of them towards her without looking at it. "You may take an invalid carriage for her, if you please, but you will go by the two o'clock train to Gravesend, and wait at the Green Dragon Hotel for my arrival. Jeannette will, of course, accompany you. Do you understand?"

She did not reply, and he wheeled round and confronted her impatiently. His brow was knit, his features were working convulsively; he looked anxious, yet furious, like a gambler who is watching his last stake.

John Adair had never been good-looking; but it was curious how every trace of youth and culture had by this time gone out of him, leaving only the desperado.

Nor was Sophy, in her turn, less changed. She was still very comely, but her comeliness was the last thing about her that would have struck any observer above the level of the clown. Her characteristic had been wont to be her vivacity; her sprightliness of air and manner had been so marked as to be a something peculiar to herself: all this was gone. The delicate colour on her cheek, the laughter in her eyes, even the agile movement of her fairy limbs, had vanished. Although the mere ghost of her former self in these respects, there was, however, a determination in Sophy's face as it met that of her husband which it had never possessed in youth and which the other shrank from. Ever since she had known that Adair had made use of her to rob the Canon, her loathing of him had cast out her fear of him. He had perceived the change, but mis-

taken the cause of it. He thought that she must long ago have become acquainted with his behaviour to her guardian. He had wiped that crime from his own mind with the ease with which the commercial philosopher wipes out a bad debt; he had committed so many offences since—offences, too, that had so much more danger in them—that the remembrance of it had ceased to trouble him. He attributed Sophy's new-found courage to quite another cause. His conscience led him to suppose that, somehow or other, she had become acquainted with his designs against little Willie, or, at all events, that she had some suspicion of them. Face to face with her, he was almost afraid of her—afraid that she should suddenly cry aloud, "Villain! you have been plotting murder against your own child, and I have found you out." Nothing, indeed, but an extreme and urgent need could have induced him to talk to her upon the subject of little Willie at all. But, as it was essential that they should leave the house, and the state of the child's health, as he had foreseen, was her chief objection to that step, it was necessary to speak upon the topic. His furious manner—though he was angry enough—was half-simulated; he put it on to intimidate her, or, perhaps, to hide the trepidation with which he was himself agitated. He was no coward, but he had tried and failed to kill something else besides little Willie—his conscience.

"Do you understand me, Madam?" he repeated.

"Yes," she answered, firmly, "I understand you very well."

There was no satire in her tone; but the simple truth she spoke had a far worse sting than any satire.

"Then you know that I will be obeyed. You and Jeannette can pack up all that is necessary in a couple of hours, I suppose. In order that there shall be no excuse, however, you shall have four."

"It shall be as you please."

This submission was too prompt, too easy, and it excited his suspicions; his mind was like a sentinel who has outstayed his watch and lost his nerve. Every sound suggested an alarm, and even the absence of sound. He thought that she was only promising to obey him to gain time.

"Mind you," he said, in a menacing voice, "I shall be here myself to see that all is ready. In the meantime, I will order the invalid carriage for the two o'clock train. Though I shall not accompany you, I shall be sure to be at the Green Dragon. You may not see me, perhaps, to-night, for I shall arrive late, by water. You need say nothing of that to anybody; but I wish to repose confidence in you."

Across Sophy's face flitted the distorted shadow of a smile. He noticed it, and frowned heavily.

"We are man and wife," he said, "and must sink or swim together. Things have gone badly here, but they will go better elsewhere. We must roost elsewhere, but our nest will be feathered for us," and he tapped his breast pocket exultingly. "Where we are going the child will recover more quickly. It is the very climate which the doctor recommends."

If he expected her to ask where this salubrious spot was situated, he was mistaken.

Her manner was anything but indifferent. It was plain that she was paying attention to every word he said; but her face was cold and stiff as a stone.

"Have you any further commands?" she inquired. Patient Griselda could have said no more, but her tone jarred on his ear.

"You speak like an automaton," he answered, angrily. "No, I have nothing more to say; it will be the easier to remember. At one o'clock I will be here with a large carriage, so that the child can lie at length. You will be sure to be ready by that time."

"I shall be ready."

He went out without another word.

If he could have looked into the future—if he could have known what that very day was to bring forth—would he have parted from her thus? It is difficult to say. But if Sophy could have foreseen what was to happen, I do not think her behaviour would have been different. Things had gone too far with her in the way of misery, of which this man was the chief cause, for any retrograde step towards tenderness or even pity for him. The tremendous issues of futurity itself were dwarfed beside the contemplation of her wrongs and wretchedness. What he had done now was merely another drop added to that cup of bitterness which he was always holding to her lips. As it happened, he had unconsciously caused it to run over; that was all. As she turned to leave the room, she saw the bank-note lying on the table. She picked it up with a gesture of abhorrence, as though it were some infectious rag. It was a note for a hundred pounds. She felt that he had had no intention of intrusting her with any such sum; that he had thrown it at her without thought, out of his unaccustomed superfluity, as one might inadvertently, out of a full plate, throw meat instead of bone to a dog. For an instant she held it in both hands, with the evident intention of tearing it in pieces, when suddenly a reflection occurred to her. "It is not his," she murmured; "it is the Canon's." And folding it neatly up, she placed it in her purse, and went up stairs.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ABANDONED.

Though Robert Aldred had announced his intention of seeing "with his own eyes how things were going on in Albany-street," he did not on his arrival in London drive thither directly. He had no less modest a confidence in his own powers as concerned business matters than the Canon himself, and it was clear to him that his influence with Sophy would be much less than that of his father. He wisely resolved to take no action without the approval of Frederick Irton, of whose judgment he had the very highest opinion, and therefore drove straight to that gentleman's office in Bedford-row. Irton received him with great cordiality, but with a serious air. To his apologies for troubling him about what might after all turn out to be of no great consequence—referring to Sophy's letter to the Canon—he answered unhesitatingly, "You have done quite right."

"Do you really think then that she is on the brink of some desperate step?"

"On some decisive step she may be," he replied, thoughtfully; "the desperation will be the other way, I mean upon her husband's side."

"But will not that involve her in peril?"

"Undoubtedly, if certain precautions had not been taken. He is like some wild beast over whom a net has been thrown. It is scarcely visible to him, and seems slight enough, but if he attempts to escape, to struggle"—

"But if he finds he cannot escape," interrupted Robert, apprehensively, "is there no fear of his doing mischief to innocent people; those who are within his power, and whom he may confuse, perhaps, with his enemies. I am prejudiced, of course, but it seems to me that this Adair is a sort of man who will stick at nothing."

"That is so, or rather, I should say, he has become so. One does not become a villain, even though one may commit a villainy, upon a sudden. I have had this reptile under the microscope for months, and it is amazing how he has developed

in tooth and claw. He was always that way inclined; his face from the first was set as though he was going to the gallows. Still, if things had turned out well with him,—if luck, that is, had favoured his speculations, which were specious and likely-looking enough—it is my opinion he would never have gone wrong, except morally (for the man has no principle whatever). He would have died worth a plum, the chairman of innumerable companies, and much respected by the majority of his fellow-creatures—that is, by all those who didn't know him. But he met with disasters from the first, and repaired them with the nearest means that came to hand, and they were foul means. Once on that road, the descent is easy."

"Do you think he has done anything absolutely criminal?"

"Certainly. He has been on the verge of such crimes—or at all events of one crime—as convince me he must have committed intermediate ones, without the faintest scruple. He has become the immediate associate of the vilest wretches—this man Dawson, for one, whom your fellow-travellers in the railway carriage so injudiciously mentioned. What you overheard on that occasion has been of great service in our investigations. We have found out all about the S.S. mine. It is the notorious San Sobrano silver-mine, concerning which such revelations have been recently made. Your two friends had just returned from South America, on a confidential mission. They had been 'salting' the mine. There is a warrant out for Dawson's apprehension upon a much more serious charge—but, as regards the mine, there is no doubt that Adair is implicated. He was unable to raise the money to float it, on which the promoters depended."

Here a cab drove rapidly up to the door, and the office bell rang with violence.

"I should not wonder if that was some news about our friend," continued Irton, with his finger raised for silence. "Clients, unless, indeed, they are ladies who have suffered wrong, do not try our bell wires so severely."

"Are you expecting news about him?"

"Not this morning in particular—but it must needs come soon."

A clerk entered with a card in his hand. He gave it to his employer, who passed it on, with a significant look, to Aldred.

"Good Heavens! Irton; it is the man himself."

"Yes; I think I can guess what he has come about," returned the lawyer, grimly: "sit down at yonder desk with a pen in your hand, and you will hear what the gentleman has to say for himself—show him in, Mason."

The next moment Adair was ushered into the room. He looked pale, as he always did, but with a difference; his colour was leaden, even to his lips. He might have been a corpse but for his eyes, which, after an angry glance round the room, fixed themselves like two burning coals upon the lawyer.

"You are not alone," he said; "what I have to say to you must be said in private."

"The gentleman yonder is in my confidence," returned Irton, coldly. "If you object to his presence you can say what you have to say in writing. I will not see you alone."

"You are afraid, are you?" sneered Adair.

"Not the least, since I am neither your wife nor your child."

"Ah! your words convince me that I am on the right track. Since you will have a witness, so much the worse for you. I am here to say that you have committed an infamy."

"Indeed! I do not confess it, but I admit that you should be a good judge of what is infamous."

"Where are my wife and child?" exclaimed Adair, passionately. "They have been lured away from home by your machinations. Where are they?"

"I cannot tell you!"

"That is a lie. With your witness there, it is, perhaps, actionable to say so. No matter, I repeat it again."

"You can do so without fear, Sir," answered the lawyer, indifferently; "one does not bring civil actions against criminals."

"Criminals! That is of a piece with your whole behaviour to me; you have gone about defaming my character. Wherever I turn I find you have been beforehand with your 'Do not trust him.'"

"As for instance? Can you give me an example, Mr. Adair?"

"There is Dr. Woodruffe, for one."

"What! do you dare allude to that transaction. Then I admit it. I told him something which caused him to put the Insurance Company on their guard. And now, in your turn, answer me this; where did you propose to yourself to get the twelve thousand pounds requisite for floating the San Sobrano scheme?"

Adair answered nothing; his white lips moved a little, and he moistened them with his tongue.

"Did you not, at a monstrous premium, insure your sick child's life for that sum?"

"What of that?" murmured Adair, hoarsely. "The law had nothing to say against it, and therefore no one had a right to complain."

"That does not always follow, Mr. Adair. This gentleman here, whom you have taken for one of my clerks, may claim to be an exception to that rule."

Robert rose, and confronted Adair. "My name," he said, "is Robert Aldred, the son of your benefactor whom you have robbed and ruined. You have marred my future likewise; yet let me tell you that I do not loathe you for the wrong you have done to him and me so much as I despise and detest you for your cowardice and cruelty to your unhappy wife."

"Ah, I remember," said Adair, contemptuously, "you were one of her old flames. A pretty sort of connection for her husband to be schooled by. Of course it would have been a nice thing to have kept her money in the family, only she preferred somebody else."

"That was not you, you cur," said Aldred; "she married you out of fear."

"You seem to know a great deal about my domestic affairs," answered the other, scornfully.

"We do," interposed Irton, in solemn tones, "more, much more, than you have any idea of. We know, or, at least, I know, not only how you have treated your wife, but how you have attempted to treat your child? Do you remember what happened on the day that Dr. Newton called to see her?"

"I remember he did see her."

"Yes, but something else. The thing I speak of had happened before, no doubt; but not often. There were not many opportunities for it to happen, though you never let one slip. One offered itself that day; you made an excuse to leave your wife and the doctor below, and returned to the nursery alone."

Here Adair, who had been standing up throughout the interview, began to tremble. He stretched out his hand like one who gropes in the dark, and placed it on the back of a chair.

"I have no recollection of the circumstance you mention," he murmured, huskily.

"I know someone who can refresh your memory. When you entered that room you made a slight mistake."

"It is possible," answered the other, eagerly; "the room was darkened; there were several bottles on the table."

"Who said anything about bottles? That is a most damaging admission on your part. It was no mistake you made with them, however; you had done the same thing too

often for that. The mistake you made was in concluding that there was nobody in the room."

A cold sweat broke out on Adair's forehead; he swung from side to side like a drunken man, and would have fallen to the floor but for the chair-back, which he clasped convulsively.

"Jeanette was below with the rest," he murmured, after a long pause.

"She was; but there was another person in the nursery behind the curtain. It is lucky for you that you are not in the dock at this moment, for your face would hang you. For my part, there is nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to see you there; but we are not all like you, we sometimes deny ourselves a personal gratification for the sake of others. It is for another's sake, in order that your innocent child may not have to say to herself, 'My father was a convicted felon,' that I give you this warning. You are in danger of the law. To-morrow may be too late for escape; you must leave England to-day."

Again the dry lips moved, but without speech; he bowed his head, however, in token of acquiescence.

"Have you money—money, I mean, sufficient to take you across the Channel?"

Adair lifted a trembling hand and touched his breast-pocket.

"To be sure," continued Irton, drily; "I ought to have known that you would have feathered your own nest in any case—now go. If you take my advice, you will not return to Albany-street—there may be people there on the look-out for you."

Without a word, without a look—for he did not raise his eyes from the ground—and with a fumbling for the handle of the door as if it were dark and it were hard to find, the man shambled out.

"What a despicable hound!" exclaimed Robert. "It makes me feel humiliated and unclean even to have been in his company. How could my dear father have been attracted to such a person?"

"Five years of greed and fraud change a man pretty completely, Robert. His ways were always shifty; he told me a lie the very first day I ever set eyes on him, but he was not then like yonder creature. Where is now cunning there was then intelligence; a fellow who might have been Tutor of Trinity, one day, like dear old Mavors. All the wits in the world will not keep a man straight who is born crooked. No, he was not like that, at one time. I remember Henny herself took his part against me, at first."

"But what has he done? How comes it that you have such a hold upon him?"

"He thinks I can prove something, which, as a matter of fact, I only know and cannot prove."

"How abject he looked, Irton. I never saw conscious guilt put on so debased a form."

"You are mistaken there, Robert; it is not the consciousness of guilt, but the fear of its consequences, which has so paralysed him. He has got plenty of ill-gotten gains in that breast-pocket of his, and when he once gets abroad and finds himself out of the reach of punishment, he will lift up his drooping head again and start afresh on his road to the Devil."

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

As a sprinkling of military uniforms enlivens the spectacle presented by an ordinary crowd, and as the strains of a military band, if only the simple but inspiring music of the drums and fifes, relieves the monotonous hum and clatter of the busy streets, so do a few scenes of military life, such as we have in *Hard Lines*: by Hawley Smart (Chapman and Hall), impart a certain brilliancy and a certain vivacity to the commonest sort of story. And, in the present instance, the story itself is very far above the average. It is slight, indeed, in plot; but it contains a number of pictures drawn with noticeable skill, knowledge, power, and excellence of intention. Only a very callous reader can fail to be deeply affected by the closing portion of the tale; only a very unintelligent reader can fail to appreciate the noble purpose to which the author turns the lessons of war. It may be a little disappointing to find that a gentleman on whom the significant and ominous name of Major Crymes has been arbitrarily conferred does so little to justify the sinister suggestions of his patronymic; but, though a wholesale breakage of the Decalogue is always extremely interesting and even fascinating, the defeat of legitimate expectations may be borne with equanimity and almost with satisfaction, when the result is that a fundamentally sound nature, which is in danger of being irretrievably spoiled by inglorious ease, petty ambition, pecuniary embarrassment, and the questionable business that is always provided for idle hands to do, comes out from the toils and trials and perils of war, after considerable effusion of more or less bad blood, as bright and purified as gold that has been tried in the fire. The story is, to all intents and purposes, a tale of the rivalry that existed between the aforesaid Major Crymes and a certain Captain Calvert, officers in the same regiment of Lancers. They are competitors for the hand of a very pearl among women, a young damsel who has wealth and position, besides her charms of beauty and character; but it is rather to avenge a slight than for any other more honourable reason, that the proud Major first makes up his mind to prevent the more honest Captain's course of true love from running so smooth as to throw doubts upon the truth of the well-known proverb. Such a rivalry, begun in pique, may end, as we all know, in something more serious as well as less ignoble. At the outset, it seems as if Fortune were about to favour the Major, who is in many respects a fine fellow, such as any woman might be proud to call husband. The poor Captain, though he is the damsel's accepted lover, and so far has an incalculable advantage over his adversary, meets with a succession of "hard lines." He, at the very commencement of the story, is taken in about a horse, does not behave at all judiciously, though his good faith and integrity remain without flaw, loses his character in the estimation of many worldlings, considers himself, very reasonably, obliged to leave his regiment, exchanges into the infantry, and goes on service in India. There he has fierce love made to him by a married woman, who, however, is more to be pitied than blamed, and who, in the end, amply redeems her reputation; and there he gets into another scrape, similar to that which had caused him to exchange, the story of his English scrape having of course been waited to India and having engendered a predisposition to take the worst possible view of his Indian. But there is something more terrible than all this: a revised, improved, and enlarged edition of the tales about the gallant Captain and the lovely and accomplished but somewhat unscrupulous married lady has been brought to the notice of the peerless damsel who was engaged to him in England, whom, however, he released from her engagement, as a gentleman would do, whether she would avail herself of the release or not, and to whom his natural sense of delicacy restrains him from writing, until he has thoroughly cleared himself from the cloud that hangs over him. Meanwhile, there

is the vigilant, determined, vengeful, hopeful, not over scrupulous, decidedly eligible, and by this time vastly love-smitten Major on the spot, ready to take advantage of the damsel's slightest indication of wavering. This state of tension clearly can be relieved by nothing but a great war such as the Crimean War, in which the unfortunate Captain meets with more "hard lines," in consequence of the Russians' recklessness in throwing about shells. The effect, nevertheless, is exactly what the author desired: obstacles are removed, perplexities are resolved, and though the final state of things shall not be revealed just now, a sympathetic reader will scarcely be able to get through the last chapter but one without a moisture and a dimness of the eyes.

Peter Parley, in the good old times when some of us were young, used to tell wonderful tales about the sea; but had he lived to read *A Sea Queen*: by W. Clark Russell (Sampson Low and Co.), he would assuredly have laid down his pen and declined to compete. Then the later author, the author of to-day, writes with such unmistakable personal knowledge, such a cordial understanding between himself and old Ocean, such a faculty of bringing scenes right home to his readers, such a power of refreshing them with ozone at one time, and frightening them out of their lives with the very presence of the angry sea at another, that it is of itself a marvel. A little tendency to be diffuse is discernible, but perhaps that is a good thing; perhaps, if there were no slacking off, the pressure would be too much to bear. The author would lead us to infer that his story is true; that he is merely the writer of a history related to him by the lady who went through the experiences described. Fact, then, as has been frequently remarked, is far stranger than fiction. The lady, whose tale is told, encountered in the course of a few weeks so many and such adventures as would have lasted the "Ancient Mariner" for the whole term of his natural existence. No wonder that one voyage was enough for her, or that she refused to be comforted until her husband consented to turn "land-lubber." The kind of narrative, again, is uncommon, if not entirely new and original. Ladies, among whom Lady Brassey is conspicuous, have written and published accounts of cruises they have made in yachts, whether belonging to themselves or to others; but the story, taken down from her own lips, of what a merchant-captain's wife saw, did, heard, and suffered during a voyage made with her husband on a trading expedition, has undoubtedly a savour of novelty and originality. And she appears to have seen, done, and suffered, in less than three months, enough to sicken the most inveterate sea-dog of his calling. A fog at sea, a mutiny, a hurricane, a dead calm, a ship on fire, a desertion, a miraculous escape from suffocation, an open-boat voyage under a broiling sun, a sudden discovery of a brig on which everybody was dead of fever, except one boy, who was three-quarters mad with despair and horror, a sort of resurrection of a mutinous crew that had abandoned their ship and disappeared into space, and a few other occurrences, are what the lady has to discourse about, with the aid of her able amanuensis. Among those other occurrences, especial mention should be made of a broken leg from which her husband suffered, just at the very moment when he would not have found four sound legs at all too many, and which she, by the light of nature and all unconsciously, set as neatly and accurately as if she had been a Sir William Ferguson or one of the new-fangled surgeons. Readers of her own sex, too, will, no doubt, be much interested in the tale she has to unfold about her deficiency of underclothing, and how ingeniously she met the difficulty. In any case, nobody will be "surprised to learn" that she confessed to having "had enough of it"—that is, of the sea.

Now that ladies play fiddles habitually, it is quite appropriate to say that in *A March Violet*: by the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd (Chapman and Hall), the heroine is made to play second fiddle. But this is not uncommonly the case with heroines; nor does it interfere in the least with the interest of a novel. Why mention it, then? Because, in the present instance, the titular heroine, if it be not paradoxical to say so, is not the heroine: at any rate, she is not the "shocking example" employed in the novel to point a moral. For the novel is written with a purpose; and the purpose is to show how a shocking example of selfishness—an example incarnate in the person of a lovely young woman—affects the happiness and comfort of all who are brought within the range of her influence. The selfish young woman is, in fact and professedly, the "central figure" of the picture exhibited; and she ought, therefore, clearly to be the titular heroine. But then, "*A March Violet*" is a very pretty title, a name aptly bestowed upon the charming girl who was born in March, was christened Violet, and was nearly doomed to a life of undesired celibacy by the egotistical treachery of the "shocking example." How it all came about, how a lie was told and had to be confessed at the risk of losing a ducal coronet, and how everything was settled with less punishment than the "shocking example" either expected or deserved, is set forth at some length, not to say at too much length, in the story under consideration, which, pretty and clever as it is in parts, is more than a little diffuse and disconnected, and not a little deficient in stirring incident. Fortunately, the episodic portions are the most interesting, the most touching, and the most amusing; in them there are some very effective sketches and some very happy hits.

Of writing theatrical novels lately there has been no end; indeed, every lady novelist who has sat in the stalls of a theatre seems to have felt it her duty to give an account of the life which is enacted behind the scenes, of which in reality she knows nothing. The result has been a series of theatrical fictions giving pictures of a kind of stage life which existed nowhere except in the author's brains. We are the more pleased, therefore, to welcome a story from the pen of a lady who has not only taken a good position among living novelists, but whose experiences as an actress entitle her to give us a picture of life behind the scenes as it really is. *Through the Stage Door*, by Miss Harriet Jay (White and Co.), is a novel which bears upon every page the imprint of truth. The story is simple enough: it is merely the record of the life of an actress, a good hard-working girl, who loves her profession and her home, who is unfortunate in her love, and who leaves and finally returns to the stage. Out of these everyday materials the experienced hand of the authoress has woven a most charming and interesting tale; and, while telling it, Miss Jay has chosen to branch off occasionally and give us glimpses of the other and darker side of theatrical life—to present to us, indeed, scenes which are morbidly unwholesome, and which here and there overstep the bounds of decency. True, some of them—notably the evening at the Belladonna Club and the dinner between two ladies of rather doubtful reputation—are drawn with a vividness which attests their truthfulness; but we think the book would have been better, certainly it would have been purer and more wholesome, if such scenes had been altogether omitted. Still there is much in it that is good and pure; the characters are well and distinctly drawn, the authoress's power of word painting is so vivid, and the story is told with so much dramatic force as to make it worthy to rank with the admirable stories by which Miss Jay had previously become known.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J R G (Richmond, U.S.A.).—When the move of the King is penal casting is not allowed. We can recommend the *British Chess Magazine* (James Watkinson, Huddersfield) and *The Chess Monthly* (18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London).

T B (Warwick-square).—It was really no trouble; and, besides, the note to you answered many others who failed to infer that P to K 5th was a slip of the pen.

W B (Stratford).—We do not try for problems, and have not space to devote to special tournaments. The diagram of the amended position shall be examined.

A L (Melbourne).—Many thanks for your interesting note. We should be glad to receive some of the games played between you and Mr. Wisker.

G E W W (Wendesbury).—We have not the file of the date mentioned at hand, but shall endeavour to answer your question next week.

E F (Lambeth).—The note to No. 2070, last week, will answer all your doubts. The problem is perfectly correct.

A M J (Dublin).—Your notation of the board is quite right. Try the problems again.

S A H.—Your name is not unknown to us, and the problem shall have due attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MESSRS. ABBOTT'S AND JENSEN'S PROBLEMS received from Rev W Anderson (Old Romney); of Nos. 2061, 2062, and 2063 from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2068 from D O D, Fred E Gibbons (Tiflis), George Price (Tiflis), and R J G (Tulamore); of No. 2069 from D O D, Edmund Field, E L G, J Parrott, B H C (Salisbury), C Coole, Gerard Paxton, W Carr, and R J G (Tulamore); of No. 2070 from P B (Stroud), F A Haines, E F H, John E Lloyd, P Vulliamy, Castle Pump James Morton, Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), E J Posno (Haarlem), W D H, and J R (Edinburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2071 received from H B L L Greenaway, Sladforth, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J T W, M O'Halloran, R H Books, T Brandreth, Julia Short, W Hillier, E Elsbury, W M D, D W Kell, L Falcon (Antwerp), Gateshead-on-Tyne, D O D, Jupiter Junior, R H N B, Aaron Harper, G W Law, R J Vines, E L G, S Fulen, F Ferris, R Eggert (Hamburg), E Casella (Paris), E J Posno (Haarlem), R L Southwell, E P Vulliamy, H Lucas, Raymond, Senaj, An Old Hand, Z Ingold, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Emme (Darlington), A Chapman, R T Kenn, H Wardell, C Stewart Wood, Hereward, A Wignmore, J R (Edinburgh), Indazator, Ben Nevis, H Brewster, H H Noyes, B Worter (Canterbury), W T W (Croydon), A M Porter, Gyp, L Wyman, W Ford, E E H, James Pilkington, W F R (Swansea), William Miller (Cork), St George, R L G, Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), Smutch, E Loudon, Jumbo, A H Mann, T G, P B (Stroud), Edmund Field, R Marriott, E C H (Worthing), Ennery, J Morton, and A S Coward.

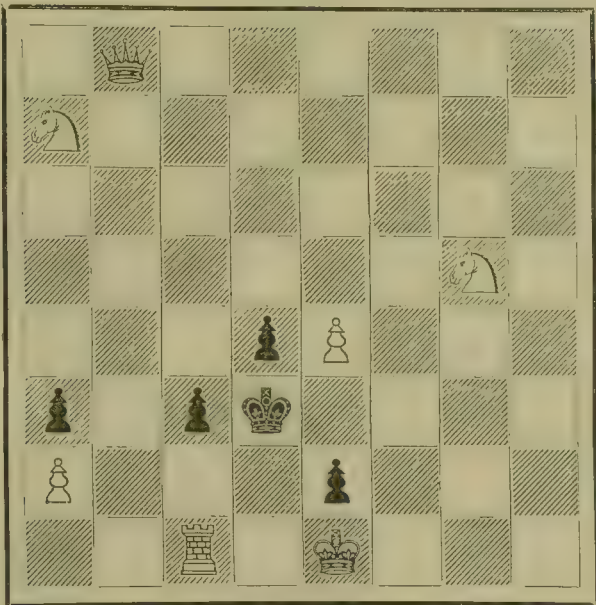
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2070.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 2nd. B to Q 5th*
2. Q to Q Kt 8th. Any move
3. Mates accordingly.

* If Black play 1. P Queens. White continues with 2. R to K 6th (double ch); and if 1. P to Q 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 5th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2073.

By E. PRADIGNAT
(from his recently published collection).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

One of a large number of Games played simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURNE at Glasgow.
(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. Duvoisin).	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. Duvoisin).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	16. P takes Kt	P takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. Q takes P	B to K Kt 5th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	18. Q to B sq	P to Q B 3rd
4. P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th	19. Kt to B 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. Kt to K 5th	P to K R 4th	20. Kt to Q 3rd	K to Q 2nd
It is quite refreshing to meet with this old form of defence in these days.		21. P to K 5th	Kt to B 4th
6. B to B 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	22. B to B 4th	B to Kt 6th
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	23. P takes P	Q to K 5th
8. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K B 6th	24. B takes B	Kt to K 6th (ch)
9. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	Black has conducted the defence very pluckily, but here he probably overlooked that he exchanges Queens at the cost of a piece.	
10. P to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. K to B sq	Kt takes Q
11. B to K 3rd	B takes P (ch)	26. Kt to B 5th (ch)	K to Q sq
12. K to Q 2nd	Kt to Q R 4th	27. B to R 4th (ch),	and Black resigned.
13. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
14. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		
15. K to Q B 2nd	Kt takes B		

Our Problem this week is quoted from a collection of one hundred, by E Pradignat, the well-known French composer, published by Piat, of Paris. The following is from the same book:—
White: K to Q B 5th; Q at K B 8th; R at K B 2nd; Kt at K Kt 5th; B at Q 3rd; Pawns at K R 2nd and Q R 4th. (Seven pieces.)
Black: K at K 6th; Pawns at K Kt 5th, K 4th, Q 4th and 5th, and Q R 4th. (Six pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.
A match was played at the City Chess Club, on the 1st inst., between two members of the fourth class and a selected team from South Norwood. The play resulted in the City winning seven games, and their adversaries three.

Mr. Blackburne wound up his tour in the North by playing eight games *sans voir* and simultaneously at Glasgow, on the 1st inst., winning seven games, and drawing the other. Last week he visited Whitehaven and Southport. At Whitehaven on Tuesday he encountered thirty of West Cumberland simultaneously, winning 27, losing 1, drawing 2; and on the following evening won eight games *sans voir*.

One of the most interesting chronicles of the late London tournament we have yet seen is the "Diary" of Mr. G. Bexley Vansittart, of Rome, published in the *Nuova Rivista* of Leghorn, a most excellent chess monthly, which we can cordially commend to the attention of chess students.

A little gem from *Vor Tid* (Our Times), of Copenhagen. It is the composition of Mr. W. Jensen, of the same city:—
White: K at K Kt 2nd, Q at K 8th, Kt at Q 6th; B's at K square and Q B 2nd. Pawns at K Kt 4th and Q R 3rd. (Seven pieces.)
Black: K at Q 5th, Kt at Q B 4th; Pawns at K Kt 4th, K B 4th, K 6th and 7th, and Q 4th. (Seven pieces.)
White to play and mate in three moves.

By the last mail from the Colony of Victoria we learn that great preparations were on foot at Melbourne for a match by telegraph between that city and Sydney, New South Wales. The former city will be represented by an exceptionally strong team, comprising Messrs. Burns, Esling, Goldsmith, Fisher, Stanley, Wisker, and one other, whose selection depends upon the result of a competition in which three members of the Melbourne Club were engaged. The following account of the matches which have already been decided between these two cities will be read with interest in home chess circles. It is quoted from the *Melbourne Leader*:—

"It may be interesting to our readers to be reminded that the match to be played on Nov. 9 is the tenth between the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. The first took place in the year 1870, having originated in a challenge from the players of New South Wales, and the contests were continued for five years in succession. In 1875 a break occurred—our Sydney friends, apparently disheartened by repeated defeats, requiring breathing time to recruit their energies. Next year, however, they took heart of grace again and renewed their challenge; but, fortune in this and the following years continuing adverse to them, they again allowed 1878 to pass without issuing the usual *défi*. The interval appears to have been advantageously employed by our opponents in preparations for a renewal of hostilities; while we on our part were probably betrayed by success into a feeling of false security, for in the following year, 1879, our players sustained their first and only reverse. They, however, recovered their laurels in the match of 1880, since which they have remained the undisputed masters of the field till the issue of the present challenge."

Of the nine matches Victoria has won 7, lost 1, and drawn 1; and of the total number of games played has scored 31, lost 16, and drawn 15.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1880) of Mr. Myles Kennedy, late of Stone Cross, Ulverston, Lancashire, who died on March 13 last, has been proved by Joseph Rowley and Alexander Butler Rowley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £276,000. The testator leaves to his nephew, Charles Storr Kennedy, his mansion house, Fair View, Ulverston; and to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Kennedy, his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, horses and carriages. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife to receive the rents, dividends, and income for life or widowhood for her own use, and the maintenance, education, and advancement in life of his children, and on her death or marriage again for his children, his eldest son to receive five times as much as each of his other sons, and each of his other sons twice as much as each of his daughters.

The will (dated May 28, 1883) of Mrs. Sarah Love, late of Mount Beulah, near Durham, who died on Aug. 21 last, was proved at the Durham district registry on the 5th ult. by Joseph Horatio Love, the grandson, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £192,000. The testatrix settles certain freehold and copyhold properties at Murton, Northumberland, Forth House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, at Fencehouses, Houghton-le-Spring, Tholthorpe and Easingwold, and three sums of £6000, £7000, and £12,000 upon her said grandson, for life, and then for his children. All her royalties, lands, and works in the firm of Strakers and Love she also leaves to her said grandson for life, with the power of an absolute owner, so far as the management is concerned, and then upon the same trusts as the before-mentioned trust estates. She gives £50 per annum for fourteen consecutive years to Bethel Chapel, North-road, Durham, to assist in preaching the Gospel in the said chapel; £1000 each to her nephews, Isaac Pedro Pearson and Ferdinand Antonio Pearson; £1000, and a freehold house to Robinson Percus; £300 each to her trustees, the Rev. William Cooke, George Graddon, and John George Hargreaves; £200 to her secretary, Archibald Thompson; and there are many other bequests to her own and her late husband's poor relations, friends, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her grandson, the said Joseph Horatio Love.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1869), with four codicils (dated Jan. 20, 1875; March 4, 1880; and Feb. 17 and June 1, 1883), of Mr. Samuel Lancaster, late of St. Peter's Chambers, Cornhill, and of Walthamstow, who died on Sept. 24 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Arthur Henry Lancaster, the nephew, and Thomas Capper, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £107,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 equally to be divided between the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Seamen's Hospital, Wanstead; the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; the Royal Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road; the Earlwood Idiot Asylum, and the London Hospital;—£1000 to be divided between the Throat Hospital, Golden-square; the Truss Society, Finsbury; the General Throat Society, Gray's-inn; and St. Ann's Schools, Brixton;—and, in addition, £250 each to the Throat Hospital, Golden-square; the Truss Society, Finsbury; the General Throat Society, Gray's-inn; St. Ann's Schools, Brixton; Walthamstow Dispensary; and the Walthamstow and Leyton Hospital for Children. There are considerable legacies to his sister, Mrs. Greet, and to nephews and nieces, including £10,000 to, and upon trust for, his nephew, Henry Norton Lancaster; and bequests to his executor, Mr. Capper, clerk, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew, Arthur Henry Lancaster.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 31 following), of Mr. William Evans, late of Manchester, and of Aspinshaw Hall, near New Mills, Derbyshire, letterpress printer and newspaper proprietor, who died on Sept. 1 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by William Flitcroft, and Thomas William Evans, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator gives to his two daughters, Elizabeth Ellen Evans and Annie Wrigley Evans, his household furniture and effects; to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrew Evans, £200; upon trust for his said daughter Annie Wrigley, the moneys receivable under his life insurance policies; to his executor, Mr. T. W. Evans, £250; to his son William Wrigley Evans his shares in several partnership businesses and in certain newspapers and periodicals, subject to the payment of £2 per week to his widow, and of such amount to his general estate as such gift shall exceed in value one half of the net residue of his property; the other half of the net residue is to be held, upon trust, in equal portions, for his said two daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, signed Nov. 7 last, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 9, 1868), with two codicils (dated July 6, 1880; and July 5, 1883), of Mr. Peter Bannatyne, secretary of the National Bank of Scotland, late of No. 15, Lansdowne-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on Sept. 20, granted to Mrs. Jessie Mills, or Bannatyne, the widow, Jonathan Middleton, George Robert Glendinning, and Thomas Shaw, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 15th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £37,000.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1878) of Miss Elizabeth Ann Cook, late of Neen Solars, Salop, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Henry Browne and George Wheeler, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9500. The testatrix bequeaths £300 for the purpose of placing a stained-glass window in the church at Neen Solars; £400 to purchase a reredos for the said church; £500, upon trust, to appropriate the dividends in keeping the said church in repair, in airing it by a stove or other apparatus, and in keeping the churchyard in order; £200, upon trust, to apply the dividends at Christmas among the poor of the said parish; £200 each to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the London National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, the London Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the London Alexandra Institution for the Blind, the London Asylum for the Education and Support of the Deaf and Dumb Children of the Poor, and the Birmingham Eye Infirmary; £100 to the Church Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of the personalty she gives to her uncle, Thomas Pennell Cook. All her messages, hereditaments, and real estate in the parish of Neen Solars and elsewhere in the kingdom of England, charged with £1500 in aid of her personal estate, she leaves to her said uncle for life, with remainder to her friend, Henry Browne.

Mr. Walter, M.P., in distributing prizes to students in the Science and Art Schools at Newbury, pointed out what great advantages the young men of the present day have in this respect as compared with a former generation, for during his boyhood nothing in the shape of art or science was taught in the public schools.



STRIKING A MATCH.
DRAWN BY S. G. M'CUTCHEON.



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.
DRAWN BY F. DADD.

"STRIKING A MATCH."

The passion of youthful love has been compared to a "flame," by at least five hundred thousand poets of all ages and nations. The process of kindling this sentiment may well, by a corresponding metaphor, be likened to that of "striking a light," or what has been called, since the invention of lucifers, which took place within the remembrance of the elder generation now living, that of "striking a match." Flint and steel, the use of which has thus been superseded by a preparation of phosphorus, were such proverbially hard materials that the witty conceit of ancient writers and talkers upon themes of gallantry could suggest many satirical reflections upon the supposed hardness of a lady's heart. Nobody, even in our modern novels and romances, ever reproaches his mistress nowadays with the vice of hardness or merciless cruelty. It is allowed that some young women, for good reasons of their own, may occasionally behave with capricious arrogance to their devoted adorers, but men no longer complain of being "killed" by treatment of this sort. If too severely mortified, they can go away with an air of calm resignation, to smoke a cigar or even a short pipe in silence. But, as the wise ancient poet says, "Felices, quos irrupta copula tenet;" and here he might have added the other condition, "spes animi credula mutui," of which we read elsewhere. The young couple whose confiding attitude is delineated by our Artist seem to be in this enviable predicament of being on the fondest terms with one another. She is a frank, good-natured girl who really loves Mr. Jack, and does not mean to lose his affections, knowing as she does that he will not trifle with hers. She rather likes the scent of a whiff of good tobacco in the open air of the park; and so we see her condescend to hold his hat beneath a sheltering beech-tree, and let him dexterously "strike a

match" in the snug cavity of its crown, that his pipe may be conveniently lighted. He is an Englishman, and would never, like the Irishman in a familiar story, attempt the extravagant compliment of begging leave to "light his pipe at her eyes." But the harmless indulgence that she permits him, under the circumstances, is a proof of her good sense; and he is more than ever persuaded that she will be an excellent wife.

"THE KING'S HIGHWAY."

It is about forty-six years since the common public road in England was called "the King's highway." We should now say, "the Queen's"; and though, by the ubiquitous railway system, most of her subjects in this country perform their travelling without going much over the old turnpike roads, the establishment of county and rural police has made it far safer than it used to be in the less frequented parts; and one is more likely to be robbed and murdered by a fellow-passenger in a first-class railway carriage, than by Captain Macheath, Dick Turpin, or Jack Sheppard, stopping the stage-coach on Badman Downs. In those very good old days of our good grandfathers, in the reign of George the Third, when the invalid officer from the Peninsular War came home to display his uniform and Hessian boots in his native village, and was met at Dover by his father, the Rector, with his mother, sister, and little brother, delighted to escort him there, it was quite possible for the travelling party to have a disagreeable adventure on the road. Besides this family, who occupied the inside seats of the coach, there were two outside passengers, a lawyer and a farmer, each carrying a pretty sum of money in bank notes stuffed into his pocket-book, while the Major had just drawn his arrears of pay; so

that the total amount of plunder for the highwaymen would be nearly a thousand guineas. A couple of those romantic rascals, mounted on fine blood horses, and armed with the long-barrelled flint-lock pistols of the period, their faces partially veiled with crape, have ridden after the coach, and, by threats of shooting the driver, have brought it to a stand. The Major has jumped out and valiantly striven to disarm the foremost assailant, but has received a disabling wound in the right hand, perhaps by the cut of a knife, while endeavouring to wrest away the pistol from the robber's grasp. He can do nothing more in defence of himself and his companions; while the clergyman and the attorney, being men of peaceful avocations, and the sturdy countryman, having not even a stick for a weapon, consent to give up the contents of their purses, with their silver watches and seals, rather than get a bullet lodged in the vital organs of the body. As for the coachman and guard, who ought to be furnished with a blunderbuss, it is evidently not their intention to meddle in this affair. They may possibly have had some previous acquaintance with those other gentlemen of the road. Unless they were greatly belied, connivance with malefactors of this class on the part of some conductors of public vehicles did sometimes happen in the "good old times." Happier indeed are we, in the reign of Queen Victoria, when nobody, either in "Horrible London," or on lonely Salisbury Plain, has any reason, in general, to be much afraid of violence and rapine.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has written to the Home Secretary asking for his influence to obtain a more extended and thoughtful consideration than simple individuals can command to the varied forms of child abuse and cruelty reported in the daily papers.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR PRESENTS.

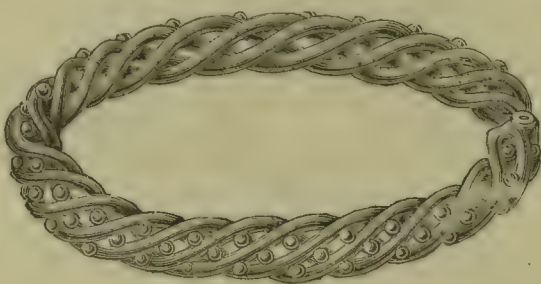
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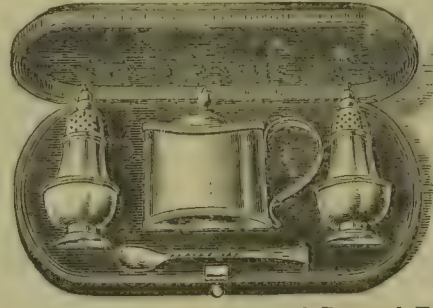
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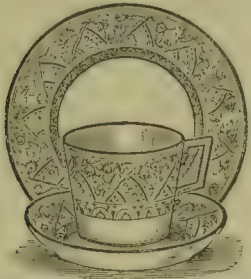
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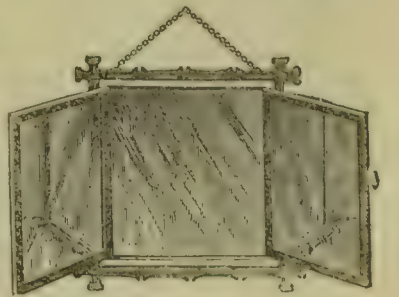
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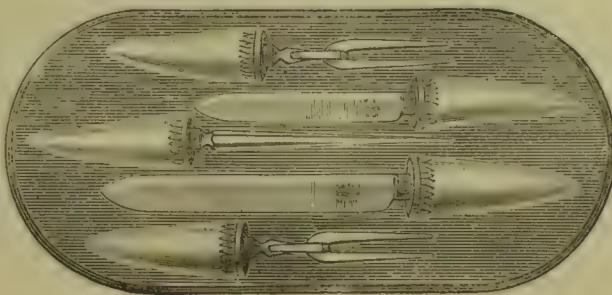
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The Christmas number of the "Musical Bijou"—published by Messrs. Metzler and Co.—is among the early signs of the approaching festive season. This shilling publication contains a varied selection of dance music, quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, a schottische, and galop, well calculated for their purpose. Mr. A. Levey's piquant song, "Love and Beauty" (sung with much success at the Lyceum Theatre), is also published by Messrs. Metzler and Co., who also issue "Give me thy heart," a pleasing song by E. Bergholt—a characteristic "Esquisse symphonique," entitled "Intermède-Gavotte," for the piano-forte (also published in other arrangements), by J. Goudreau; a "Nocturne" of Chopin, and the andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, well arranged for the American organ, by Louis Engel; and a series of adaptations for the same instrument by F. Archer.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have recently issued a valuable arrangement of the orchestral score of M. Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," for piano-forte and harmonium; a combination that realises a very near approach to the effects of the orchestra, and is a great boon where a band is unattainable. Organists will welcome the appearance (from the same publishers) of a selection of movements from "The Redemption," arranged for the organ by Dr. G. C. Martin, sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a skilful master of the instrument. Mr. Joseph Goddard's study of "The Redemption" is a pamphlet which will well repay perusal. It is a very thoughtful analysis of the work, illustrated with musical extracts, and dealing exhaustively with all the prominent portions of the oratorio.

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Messrs. Patey and Willis have recently issued some pleasing songs that may be rendered effective without making large demands on executive power. From among these we may specify "Home," by F. H. Cowen; "The Old Timepiece" and "The Quaker's Daughter," by M. Watson; "Love's Reply," by A. H. Behrend; "Fishing," by A. J. Caldicott; and "The Love-Flower," words and music by Cotford Dick. "Le Printemps" (Mazurka), by E. J. Reiter, and "Seguidilla" (Spanish Dance), by H. F. Sharpe, are graceful pieces of piano-forte music, in each of which the marked character implied by the title is well preserved. These are also from Messrs. Patey and Willis.

From the firm of Ricordi, of London and several Continental cities, we have some interesting publications. A new edition of Verdi's "Don Carlos" recalls attention to the elaborate work produced at the Royal Italian Opera in 1867. The very handsome edition just published is worthy the attention of all collectors of modern Italian opera. The same publishers have also issued an arrangement—piano-forte solo—of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," the opera which was successfully brought out by the Royal Italian Opera Company last season. "Les Saisons Enfantines" is the title of twelve pieces of music, divided into four sections, each piece distinguished by the names of the months. Some are for one voice, some for two voices. The words are by G. Mengot, the music being by A. Renaud. The pieces are very melodious and flowing in style, and cannot fail to interest singers of various growths. They are also published by the firm of Ricordi.

Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have issued some pleasing songs and instrumental pieces. The former include "Golden Dreams," by Mr. J. L. Hatton; "I Know Not Yet" and "Overleaf," both by F. F. Rogers; "A Fairy Dream," by P. von Tugghiner; and "Forgotten," by R. F. Harvey. All these are melodious, and free from difficulty. "Killarney" is an effective transcription, for flute and piano-forte, by Mr. J. H. Young, of Balfe's popular song. "Minuet and Trio," for the piano-forte, by D. R. Munro; "Tziganesca," by C. Ducci; and "Musical Trifles" (three characteristic pieces), by G. Gariboldi, are well written for the instrument, and will interest as well as improve the young pianist.

"Gentle Pity" is an expressive song, with a simple but pleasing melody, by G. Ferraris, published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., from whom we also have two very characteristic piano-forte pieces, a "Danse Bohémienne" and "Alpine Bells," both by E. Claudet, and an animated march, entitled "Forward," by E. H. Sügg. "My Bride," by A. Beck, and "At the Stile," by V. Kollis, are lively waltzes, also published by Messrs. Cocks and Co.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart contribute to the stock of drawing-room dance music, which will be so largely required during the approaching Christmas season. The "Sardonyx" polka, by L. Lardelli; and "Sweet Dreams," waltz, by G. Asch, are well suited to their lively purpose.

From Messrs. Morley and Co. we have "The Nightless Land," a song of serious interest, by Ciro Pinsuti, the composer of many successful pieces in which, as in this, he manifests a thorough knowledge of vocal effect without unduly taxing amateur powers. "Gentle Faces" and "Staunch and True," both by T. Bonheur; and "Sunshine," by T. Hutchinson, are pleasing songs, also issued by Messrs. Morley and Co.

"When all the world is young" is a characteristic setting of the Rev. Charles Kingsley's words by the gentleman who assumes the well-known name of Corney Grain. The music, although simple, has a touch of the genuine English style. It is published by Mr. Bath, of Berners-street, who has issued some other effective songs, among them being:—"So shy," "No surrender," and "Far o'er the jasper sea," all by Odoardo Barri.

"Sappho" (Messrs. Goddard and Co.) is the title of a fantasia for the piano-forte by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, a highly-esteemed pianist and teacher. The piece is based on two themes from Gounod's early French opera, "Sappho," in which is much graceful music. The fantasia referred to is skilfully written, and cannot fail to prove effective when fairly well executed.

"March of the Men of Harlech" (published by Amos and Shuttlesworth) is a fantasia for the piano-forte by J. Batchelder, who has treated the fine old Welsh tune very effectively in a series of variations which include some brilliant passage writing.

A DOLEFUL LAY.

Alas! 'tis drawing near again!

Plum-puddings in perspective loom;
Fat geese and turkeys will be slain,
And berries bright adorn the room.
A plague on Christmas! I would say
To those who will be picking holes
In this extremely doleful lay—
The time is far too full of doles.

That man of letters—he who pops
A lot of trash into my box;
Those dunning missives from the shops,
And bills of costs from Lawyer Fox.
He cannot boast of Royal descent;
His rôle is stamping up and down;
And yet this notable young gent
Undoubtedly expects a "crown."

The boy who brings the heavy bread,
The lad who leaves the scraggy loin,
Smith's idle imp, to mischief wed,
Will each one clamour for a coin.
The sweep will be "all up" my way,
To filch a florin—nothing less!
In fact, 'tis not too much to say.
The world at large expects largesse.

But graver ills than these beset
Poor Pater at this time, I trow.
He must consume mince pies—and yet
Dyspepsia is his direst foe.
The children, too, must all dine late
On Christmas Day; but is it kind
With turkey roast to pile each plate,
When Turkey rhubarb lies behind?

We shall be waited on by the "waits,"
Who calmly murder sacred airs,
And swagger through my garden gates,
As though the house and grounds were theirs.
Then when I'm sick of games of chance,
And bored to death by Christmas trees,
"Sir Roger" I shall have to dance,
Although rheumatic in the knees.

This Festive Season means to me
A monstrous pile of heavy bills,
No end of noise, a doctor's fee,
An aching head, and Cocker's pills.
Let Christmas come in hail or rain,
In fog, or wreathed with snowy pall,
It matters not; for to be plain,
I wish it never came at all.—F. B. DOVERTON.

"THE ROSE OF WOMANHOOD."

The symbolic meaning of this floral ornament will perhaps be differently understood, by the wearer and by her many admirers, in accordance with their particular notions of what should be esteemed the true charms of the amiable sex. Youthful beauty, grace of form and gesture, a fascinating address, or skill in the elegant proprieties of social and domestic life, may certainly be regarded as peculiarly excellent in an accomplished woman; but the poet whose laudatory couplet has been attached to this portrait of a lady seems to think her chief attraction, the very "rose" of her fair being, consists of moral purity and sweetness. "Gentle, loving, good," is the character that is given to her, and the artist has worthily seconded this conception by drawing a figure and face not only beautiful and graceful, but expressive of those virtues without which the prettiest, or the most distinguished in company, will scarcely be able, six months after marriage, to keep her husband's heart safely at home. As Shakspeare says, in one of his Sonnets,

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour, which in it doth live.

This is the moral of the picture, which is, apart from its moral, a very pleasing one, and a proof that good women are sometimes, though not invariably, handsome.

"THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER."

Attentive husbands may assist their wives in purchasing, at the end of next week, in the shops of the local poulterer, butcher, or fishmonger, materials for the Christmas feast. This idea has been exemplified by our Artist in a pair of companion drawings, which require little comment to explain the situation imagined. The lady and gentleman, in the one case, have alighted from their private carriage at the door of one of the best shops in town, where she is giving orders to a respectful tradesman for sending her the very finest of Christmas turkeys, with a view to their intended dinner party at the Hall. On the other hand, we perceive that the decent and intelligent couple, a journeyman mechanic and his wife, desiring to regale a brother and sister, or their parents, who will dine with them on Christmas Day, are compelled to hesitate about the price of a goose. The husband's finger is upon a small gold coin, only a half-sovereign, which he would take out of his scantily-filled purse, but there will be too few pieces of silver given him for the change. The shopkeeper, whose jovial and dignified countenance betokens much prosperity in a higher range of custom, puts on his most assuring air, while he holds forth this "beautiful fine bird" to the young wife's wistful gaze, and declares that it is the cheapest he ever sold. It would cost half a crown more than they meant to spend that time for the Christmas dinner; and they remember that he lost two days' wages, by taking a chill from the rain he was caught in, at the end of last month; and that little Minnie wants a pair of shoes. We believe, nevertheless, that the fine goose in question will be purchased for their table, after all, in spite of prudential scruples; and we hope that their friends will enjoy the feast with them.

Mr. Arthur Peel, M.P., the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, has consented to allow himself to be nominated by the Government for the Speakership of the House of Commons.

A committee consisting of a hundred gentlemen, including several members of Parliament, has been formed with the view of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Dobbs, the successful appellant in the action against the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. A large sum of money has already been promised, and Mr. James E. Maylor, Camberwell, has undertaken the duties of hon. secretary. All communications and subscriptions should be sent to his office, 115, Leadenhall-street. A requisition asking Mr. Dobbs to stand for Lambeth, as an independent candidate, at the next Parliamentary election, has been numerously signed.

NEW BOOKS.

Inhospitable Caucasus and its neighbourhood is becoming more and more interesting to the English nation as Russia obtains firmer and firmer footing there, so that such a book as *Notes on the Caucasus*: by Wanderer (Macmillan and Co.), written by a gentleman who appears to be more familiar with the places and people he discourses about than many a Londoner is with Regent-street and its inhabitants, should be full of attraction and instruction for a multitude of English readers. The book not only abounds with curious facts and useful information but is remarkable also for the liveliness of its style, a liveliness that sometimes verges upon flippancy. For it is, certainly, flippant to treat crimes and horrors and misery with the lightness of tone adopted by the author; though it may be urged, on the other hand, that to do so is far better than to pile up the agony and freeze the blood of susceptible souls. At any rate, the author cannot be accused of taking an oppressively serious view of the most dreadful occurrences, whether he may have to tell of the sufferings endured by Circassian emigrants, or of the bloody measure meted out to a Russian General and his escort, or of a poor cabman murdered by "a Russian officer of high connections and good family." But such an expression as "I did not go to see him turned off," smacks a little too much of levity and of slang when applied to the execution of a brigand even, especially when he was a sort of acquaintance. This, however, does not interfere perceptibly with the gratification, to say nothing of the valuable knowledge, to be derived from the author's description of Tiflis, and indeed from the whole narrative in which he relates the history of his wanderings and records the results of his observations. To politicians, real or pretended, may be left the task of weighing what the author has to say about the Russians and our Indian Empire, a question with which the Caucasus has not a little to do; but for the general reader there are anecdotes of personal adventure, remarks concerning sport, hints relating to habits, manners, customs, and costumes, and other matters independent of politics. One of the difficulties in the way of enterprising Englishmen who would fain "do" the Caucasus seems to lie in the number of languages which, if you are to travel with any comfort—rather, with any modification of discomfort—it is desirable to have at command; you may get on pretty well with five, of which English, unfortunately, is not one, and perhaps you may obtain a guide or attendant, whether an ex-brigand or worse or not so bad, who can muster a few more, and then you may consider yourself to be in a state of polyglot efficiency. What sort of hired comrades the sportsman may expect to pick up is to be gathered from the account given of a couple of gamekeepers, as they may be called euphemistically, in the service of a gentleman with whom the author stayed as a guest. They both, it is truly observed, had "queer histories." One, it appears, "had robbed and murdered more than one individual," and had escaped from prison by a most desperate achievement, which would "bring down the house" if it were represented before an audience at Dartmoor; the other, who was "full of shifts and dodges," had been engaged in "some curious practices on the frontier," such as "smuggling, complicated with shooting somebody." That the book is excellent reading, enough must now have been said to show; and, though it is published anonymously, the "Wanderer" is clearly a soldier, which gives additional value, as well as precision, to his military sketches and comments. The narrative lacks method, and seems to be based upon experiences acquired at various times; but, however that may be, an index would have been an advantage, and there certainly should have been a map.

Collected papers, gathered together from various magazines, must necessarily have passed a sort of qualifying examination; but the collection which has been published under the style and title of *Norfolk Broads and Rivers*: by G. Christopher Davies (William Blackwood and Sons), is of a very superior kind. The subject is exceedingly interesting, and the author is exceedingly well acquainted with the subject. It is almost distressing to learn that "this book is positively his last appearance in the field of descriptive writing about the Broads." But perhaps this is not to be taken to mean that he will never again appear as an expounder of the industries pursued upon the Broads, or as the sturdy champion of the honest folk who pursue those industries; and it is in that capacity that he is even more worthy of attention than as a purveyor of descriptions. It would be a pity, however, to lose such illustrations as those which adorn the volume under consideration; some of them, nay, even all, are admirable, both for ornament and for elucidation. That they are not more numerous may be a regrettable fact; that they are so many is certainly a cause of thankfulness. Some benighted Englishmen may not so much as have heard that there are any Broads in Norfolk; others may have their knowledge thereof confined to what they have read in a novel published years ago by the ingenious Mr. Wilkie Collins; to both these sets of unfortunates the disinterested advice may be given to read what Mr. Davies can tell them, and then they will not need the further advice to go, should opportunity offer, and examine for themselves the curiosities of that watery district which in Norfolk is called the Broads. The district is easy of access, the time required for seeing enough to make you wish for more is not long, the pleasure to be derived from the most superficial investigation may be guessed from the enthusiasm displayed by successive visitors on their return. When Mr. Davies is simply descriptive, telling his readers about what is to be seen on the Broads in summer and winter, in fair weather and in foul, he is good enough; but he is at his best, because he is then most useful, when he becomes practical, when he discusses the manner and the advantages of catching ducks by means of the obsolescent "decoy," when he argues about the various kinds of eels, and defends the cause of the poor families whose livelihood depends upon the employment of "eel-sets," when he shows at how small a cost a cruise on the Norfolk Broads may be enjoyed.

There are books which it is not only impossible to estimate in a brief notice but which it is equally impossible to describe. *George Eliot: a Critical Study of Her Life, Writings, and Philosophy*, by George Willis Cooke (Sampson Low), belongs to this category. The profound melancholy that underlies all this great writer's works is explained by her intellectual position, which led her, while acknowledging the awful power of a law that might fitly be termed Fate, to reject all belief in a personal God or a personal immortality. Yet she held as firmly as any Christian writer could the imperative claims of Duty, and the altruistic faith she clung to may be said to be inspired by the feeling which prompted the Apostolic injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." The biographical and critical portion of Mr. Cooke's book contains much that is interesting, but little that is novel. The original feature of the work will be found, we think, in the elaborate exposition of the way in which all George Eliot's writings were affected by her philosophy—a philosophy which in his judgment "has the elements of its own destruction in itself." If we may judge from the chapter on "Poetic Methods" Mr. Cooke is more at home with philosophy than with poetry. Possibly some readers may find the chapter headed "Bibliography" the most useful in the volume.



THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER—TURKEY.
DRAWN BY G. KING.



THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER—GOOSE.
DRAWN BY G. KING.

MY MATRIMONIAL SUIT.

"Your luggage is in the front van, Sir—two portmanteaus and a hat-box—change at Botherham Junction, Sir—thanky, Sir!"

The porter disappeared from the window with a tip and a furtive touch of his cap, after the manner of his kind; and Algie and I settled ourselves cosily for the weary three-hours' journey which was before us. Algie Carstairs was my best man—for I was to be married next morning; and we were on our way to Hillton, in Mouldshire, to fulfil the most important engagement of a man's life.

We had disposed of our rugs and small impedimenta comfortably about us. The train was very full, as most trains are about Christmas-time, and the only smoking-carriage was packed so closely that I had ventured to contravene the company's regulations by tipping a porter to lock us into an ordinary compartment, so that we might make the journey in some degree of comfort.

Alas! for the short-sightedness of human arrangements. Algie was just selecting an attenuated cigarette from his case, and I was lovingly regarding the burnished surface of my favourite meerschaum, when we became aware of a stout matron, accompanied by two children and a nurse carrying a baby, rushing frantically up and down the platform in search of places. Algie and I surveyed the scene placidly, little recking of what was to follow. The train was due to start, and the guard was shouting, "Take your seats!" when the family party raced back again once more, and stopped, to our horror, right in front of our compartment. Then a strange porter, who knew not Joseph, arose from somewhere, and laid sacrilegious hands upon our door-handle and, finding it locked, without more ado produced a key and let in the invading army upon us. A banging of doors, a shrill whistle, and the train was moving off, the stout lady panting furiously and fanning herself with her handkerchief. As we left the platform I caught sight of the porter I had tipped making pantomimic signs expressive of apology and grief at our disastrous predicament; and, gazing at him more in sorrow than in anger, we glided swiftly away to our fate.

Of all conceivable things a baby in a railway carriage is to me the most intolerable. There is something weird and uncanny about a baby at all times, but in a railway carriage he develops propensities which can only be described as fiendish. This particular baby was no exception to the rule. It was bad enough to be done out of our anticipated smoke, but when that baby fixed me with a glassy stare, and slobbered at me open-mouthed from the opposite seat, I began to feel positively Herod-like. I seized an opportunity when the nurse was not looking to make a dreadful face at the infant. Then his countenance puckered up, and he suddenly delivered an ear-piercing yell. The nurse shook him violently, and jumped him up and down till his teeth (if he had any) must have been ready to drop out of his head, and he stopped in the middle of a howl to fix his eyes on me once more with a persistence that was maddening. Presently a vapid smile broke over his face. He had begun to "take notice," and the nurse went into raptures over the fact.

"Was it the nice gemplums? (this was me, if you please!) 'ook, baby, 'ook; nice gemplums!"

Baby did look—in fact he never left off looking, and he began to chuckle in a damp and idiotic fashion. Then he pointed a fat forefinger at me, and exclaimed "Pa!" This was too much. I glanced at the fond mother, who had not yet quite recovered her wind, and observed that she was very stout and very red and short of breath. Could it be possible that in any way resembled the unhappy spouse of that preposterous female? The idea was altogether too painful, and I ensconced myself behind the broad sheet of the *Times* in the hope of evading further notice. It was no use. Even though I could not see them, I felt that those round eyes were still fixed upon me with a fishy stare, and I longed for Botherham Junction and safety with a desperate longing.

All this time poor Algie was suffering patiently and silently as became an Egyptian hero and a best man. I looked at him as he sat stonily in his corner, and even in the midst of my own troubles found time to pity him. The stout female and the remainder of her progeny had taken possession of the opposite corner to his, and a variety of small bags and crumby packages had overflowed from her ample lap on to Algie's unexceptionably tailored knees. He was too much prostrated to attempt to gather them up; and his eyes ranged from them to the perspiring countenance in front of him with a calm desperation which would have been comical under less painful circumstances.

This state of things lasted for three mortal hours, and then, to our infinite joy and relief, we reached Botherham Junction, and left the family to the full enjoyment of their own society. To the last that baby's eyes followed me on to the platform; and as I passed the carriage on my way to the guard's van, the nurse held him up at the window to get a better view, and I was conscious that he was indulging in a diabolical chuckle as he pointed at me and exclaimed "Pa!" for the last time. Then I fled away and saw him no more.

There was a good deal of confusion at the junction, and as the luggage was pitched out on to the platform, Algie and I had some difficulty at getting at our particular belongings. I had managed to secure my Gladstone bag and hat-box, but could not see anything of my big portmanteau. Climbing into the van, however, I saw the end of it sticking out of a large pile of other luggage, and, pointing it out to a porter, I told him to get it out and put it with my other things in the branch line train for Hillton; and then Algie and I took our places with thankfulness in the smoking-carriage.

Another half hour brought us to our destination, and we found the wagonette from the Hall waiting to take us on.

Hilton Hall is a fine old Elizabethan mansion, about three miles from the station; and its owner, Sir Hylton Hilton, fourth Baronet of the name, owned the land as far as one could see from the drawing-room windows. Sir Hylton had two daughters, the eldest of whom was married to a neighbouring magnate, Lord Portcullis, of The Moat; and the second, Laura, was about to be married to Reginald Francis Vivian, Captain in the Royal Horse Guards Green, the narrator of this painful but true history.

I need not enter into particulars of the hearty welcome I received from my future father-in-law and all the household. Indeed, I do not know that I could say much about it, were I ever so much inclined. As a matter of fact, my dear little Laura's sweet face was all that I saw; and it was enough for me to know that next day I should be the happy possessor of the most delightful little wife in the whole world.

We put up at the Hilton Arms, in the village, where rooms had been taken for us, in deference to the absurd superstition that a man may not stay under the same roof with his intended wife; and found it comfortable enough, thanks to certain contributions supplied from the Hall. I was conducted to my room by Walters, Sir Hylton's own man, who was obliging enough to come over to valet me, in consideration of my position as a member-elect of the family. I handed over my keys, and Walters proceeded to open my Gladstone bag and lay out my evening things. Then he unstrapped the big portmanteau and fumbled at the lock.

"I beg, pardon, Sir," he said at last, "I can't make any of these keys fit the lock."

"Here; let me try," I responded, and, picking out the key, I attempted to insert it. It would not even go into the keyhole. I blew down it, and tried it again; but it was no use. Then a horrible suspicion flashed upon me. I had got somebody else's portmanteau!

The situation was awkward, but it was some minutes before the full meaning of it dawned upon me. Then I called to mind that my lost portmanteau contained all my wedding garments for next morning's ceremony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I had travelled down in a rough homespun shooting-suit, and that and my dress-clothes were all that I had with which to face my bride and her friends!

I made a hasty examination of the portmanteau before me. With some slight differences, it was very like my own; but it was only too clear that it was not mine, and an awful dread took possession of me. I caught sight of a label hanging to one of the handles, and clutching it frantically, read—

MRS. BODGER,

Passenger to Liverpool.

Walters and I stood looking at each other helplessly. What was to be done? Walters feebly suggested that Sir Hylton might be able to provide me. I laughed bitterly. Sir Hylton was a fine old fellow, certainly; but even if his clothes had fitted me, their cut and style were not altogether what I should care to exhibit myself in before the wedding guests. Sir Hylton was a man who prided himself on keeping up the old traditions, and had his clothes built in the fashion of his fathers, when a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and French-grey pantaloons would have been considered the correct thing for a bridegroom's costume. Besides, Sir Hylton, though, as I said before, a fine old fellow, was not above medium height; while I only knock under in the matter of inches to Colonel Burnaby of the Blues. Algie, who is in the Light Bobs, was only a little chap, and altogether out of the question. The more I thought of it the more dreadful the situation seemed. I felt a growing spite against the portmanteau which was the cause of all the bother, and gave it a vicious kick as it lay before me.

"Mrs. Bodgers!" I exclaimed. "Who the deuce is Mrs. Bodgers?"

Then I gave the thing another kick, and it flew open. I shuddered as I saw that it was full of children's linen, and so on.

Mrs. Bodgers! Probably that outrageous female with the babies; and she had got my portmanteau, with all my lovely coats and things built expressly for my marriage by Smallpage himself. If I had happened to meet Mrs. Bodgers at that moment it had fared badly with her and the babies!

I sent Walters for Algie, and we held a council of war. Then we went to the Hall for Sir Hylton, and took him into our confidence. He was very sympathetic, but evidently could suggest nothing effective. At last Algie smote his forehead.

"I have it!" he cried.

"The deuce you have!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Then why didn't you say so at first, and save all this bother?"

"Don't be an ass!" he continued. "I have an idea!"

"Oh, is that all? Well, reel it out, my boy," I said, sinking into despondency again, for I could not see any light myself.

"Look here! There was a sort of tailor's shop in the vill—ahem!—town, as we drove through. I saw on the window—Munks, or Bunks, or some such name, 'Fashionable Tailor,' or 'Tailor to the Royal Family,' or something. What do you think, Sir Hylton; could he do anything for us at a pinch?"

"Hum!" mused the Baronet. "Yes, Munks; that's his name. A very respectable man and all that; but I don't remember to have heard of his doing anything for the Royal Family. You had better go down, after dinner and look him up."

There seemed to be no other hope. Even if I telegraphed to London there would be little chance of getting anything sent down in time for the morning's ceremony. Besides, there was no telegraph office nearer than Mould, the county town, which was eight miles off, and that might be closed. So we postponed further consideration of the difficulty till after dinner; and when I had finished dressing we all walked over to the Hall.

Dinner went off pleasantly enough; though through it all I was haunted by the thought of my lost portmanteau and the fix in which I was placed. Even Laura's bright eyes and happy smiles scarcely roused me from the gloom in which I was plunged by my unhappy circumstances.

As soon after dinner as was convenient I gave the wink to Algie, and, making some excuse to the ladies, we donned our ulsters, and set off in search of the local tailor.

The evening was bright and clear, though cold; and the sharp air was refreshing after the hot-house atmosphere of Sir Hylton's drawing-room. We had no difficulty in finding Mr. Munks's establishment. There was no shop front; but the one window of the ground floor was graced by a wire blind, on which, in somewhat faded gilt letters, was blazoned the legend—

MUNKS, TAILOR TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, surmounted by a gruesome presentment of the Royal arms. There was a faint light burning in the room, so that the name stood out tolerably plainly. The shop was shut up for the night, but on knocking we were informed that Mr. Munks was at home, and we were shown into the front room, which was furnished with a counter and a number of brown paper patterns. Over the chimney-piece hung a highly-coloured picture, representing a row of faultlessly dressed persons, ranging from a peer to a page-boy, all of them, apparently, on the most amicable terms with themselves and each other, and all their clothes absolutely guiltless of crease or wrinkle. In the window were some pieces of cloth of an ancient and mildewed appearance.

Presently Mr. Munks entered in his shirt-sleeves—a rotund little man, with a bald head, and a fringe of stiff, black hair standing out all round. He looked at us with an air of subdued sympathy, rubbing his hands gently over each other as he remarked—

"A funeral horder, gents, I presume?"

We hastened to explain that it was nothing of that kind—indeed, rather the reverse—and Mr. Munks's face immediately dropped the air of sympathy, and assumed an aspect of mild congratulation, as being more appropriate to a possibly joyful occasion.

We then laid before him in all its bearings the terrible strait to which I was reduced; and Mr. Munks scratched his head reflectively for some moments, while we waited anxiously for the verdict which was either to make or undo us.

At last the oracle spoke—slowly and with caution, after the manner of oracles.

"I see—I see," he said. "Hah! yes—I see." Then his face brightened, and he continued, "Well, gents, I'm not

agoing to say that this here is a Heasy Job—far from it—but, ahem! the Resources of Civilisation aint yet exhausted, gents"—here he drew himself up proudly. "I'll do it. You leave yourself in my 'ands, Sir" (I glanced at his hands as he spoke, and they seemed rather grimy—but no matter), "and I'll engage to pull you through."

"But how are you going to do it?" I ventured mildly to inquire.

"You leave it to me, Sir. Here, missus!" he called, and a blowsy-looking lady made her appearance from the back room, and curtseyed.

"Just send the girl over to the Hilton Arms Tap, and see if Thompson's there. Tell him I want him immediate."

When this had been done our new ally, with the help of his "missus," proceeded to take my measure for a coat. We had agreed that the home-spun continuations would have to do duty for the rest of the costume, and selected the material from the best of the little tailor's stock of "superfine blue Saxony," as he called it.

Mr. Munks promised faithfully that the garment should be delivered punctually at ten o'clock the next morning, and we departed, feeling that the load had in some measure been lifted off our minds. Then we returned to the Hall and spent a cheery evening; retiring to the Hilton Arms in good time and good order to prepare by sleep for the momentous proceedings of the following day.

At ten o'clock precisely, the next morning, Mr. Munks presented himself with the parcel. Algie opened it hastily, and immediately drew himself up, while a spasm passed over his face, which was violently contorted. I thought he was going to have a fit, and rushed to his assistance. He waved me away, and seizing his handkerchief buried his face in it.

"Good heavens! Algie," I exclaimed; "what is it, old man?"

"It's—it's a—ah!—o—aroosh—a!" he yelled out in convulsive jerks, while his frame was rent with a succession of violent sneezes.

When he had done wiping his eyes I began to perceive a strong odour of snuff, and joined my poor friend in his exercise for several minutes.

Mr. Munks regarded us with some concern while this was going on, and then remarked—

"Ah! I see; it's that there Thompson—a beggar for snuff he is. Here, let's shake it out." But the more he shook the more we sneezed, until I begged him to desist, and I put on the coat.

I cannot say that it was an unqualified success. Strict accuracy compels me to state that the structure was tight where it ought to be loose, and loose where it ought to be tight. And the arms were baggier than was in strict accord with the prevailing fashion. Nevertheless, there it was—an undeniable frock-coat, which might serve its present purpose and then be relegated to limbo for ever.

When the first overpowering odour of snuff had somewhat subsided I became aware of a faint suggestion of india-rubber, and inquired what that was.

Mr. Munks smiled a superior smile and winked solemnly, but made no reply.

"But how," I asked, "did you manage to get it done so quickly? And so beautifully sewn, too. Why" (looking at the seams), "I can't even see the stitches!"

"Never you mind, Sir!" replied the little man, with dignity. "There's secrets in every trade. You've got your coat. Don't you ask no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

The matter was not worth pursuing, and I gladly paid Mr. Munks his not very exorbitant bill, and dismissed him. I believe the little man really had some shadow of a title to call himself Tailor to the Royal Household. It seems that one of her Majesty's under-footmen, while on a visit to some relations at Hillton, once had a torn coat repaired by Mr. Munks, who thereupon had his window-blind painted with the grandiloquent announcement we had seen.

At half-past eleven o'clock, accompanied by Algie, I arrived at the church; and, after the usual waiting about in the vestry, my sweet little bride with her party put in an appearance, and proceeded up the aisle amidst the respectful salutations of a vast crowd of neighbours and villagers, who filled every pew and every foot of space in the old Norman church. The ceremony was commenced, and Sir Hylton gave away his daughter with becoming dignity. I unbuttoned my coat to get at the ring, when—pop!—something flew off and struck Sir Hylton right in the middle of the nose. The worthy Baronet looked up and scowled severely at two little boys who were gazing innocently down from the gallery. Presently a second button propelled itself violently in front, and landed on the Rector's book. He appeared scandalised, and paused in the service to frown majestically at the school children, who by Laura's special desire filled two front pews.

I have reason to believe that for the next five minutes buttons were circulating, like meteors, with great velocity through space, and now and then impinging with startling effect upon various respectable members of the congregation.

When the time came to kneel down, a direful crash resounded to the rafters, and I felt my coat suddenly loosen across the back. At the same time, a powerful smell of india-rubber pervaded the sacred edifice. A distinct giggle began to be heard, commencing with the school children, and extending over the whole congregation. I did not dare to turn round until the last word of the ceremony had been said, and then I saw that Sir Hylton's face was purple, while Algie was forcing his handkerchief into his mouth, while the tears ran unchecked down his innocent nose. As for the eight bridesmaids, they were quite hysterical; but as that is the normal condition of bridesmaids it did not so much matter. My poor little bride was, so far, happily unconscious of anything being amiss, but when we got into the vestry the pent-up feelings of everybody broke out, and, notwithstanding the semi-sacred character of the place, there arose such a shout of merriment as must have scandalised the decorous spectators within the church. Even the Rector and his Curate, who had by this time discovered the cause of the unseemly commotion, were obliged to join in the universal cachinnation.

When I advanced to kiss the bridesmaids, in accordance with the inalienable right of a bridegroom, there followed such a sneezing as had not been heard in those parts within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

After all, I had to appear at the breakfast in my travelling things. The new coat had, I found on examination, burst out at all the seams in such a way as to be quite unrepresentable; and the secret of Mr. Munks's rapid work was laid bare.

Instead of sewing the seams, he had stuck them together with some preparation of india-rubber, and *hinc illic lachrymæ!*

I made Walters a present of the remains of the coat, and hope he found it of some use.

Laura and I often laugh over the remembrance of that day, and wish that everyone else may achieve as much lasting happiness as we have found from the outcome of a matrimonial suit.

J. P. A.

Professor Sylvester has been elected to the Savilian Professorship of Geometry at Oxford, in succession to the late Mr. Henry Smith.

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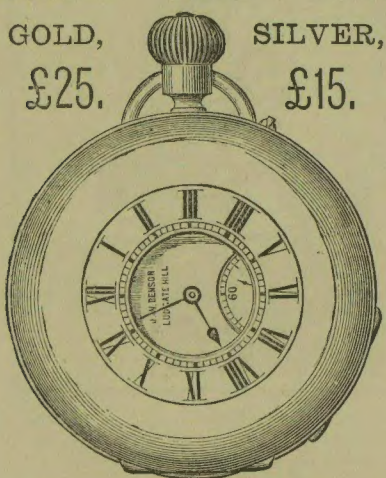
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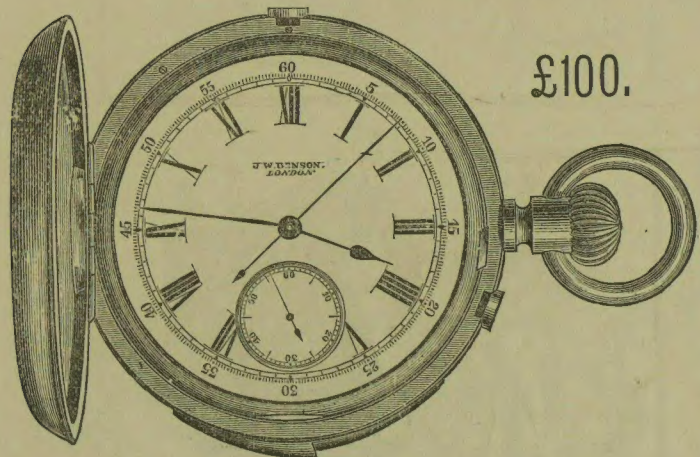
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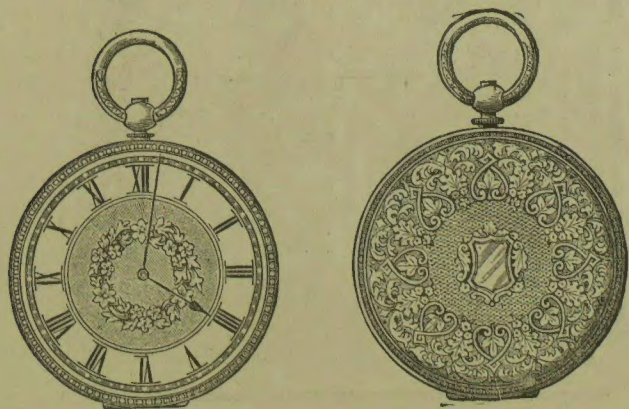
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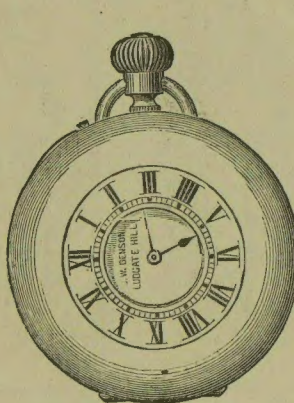
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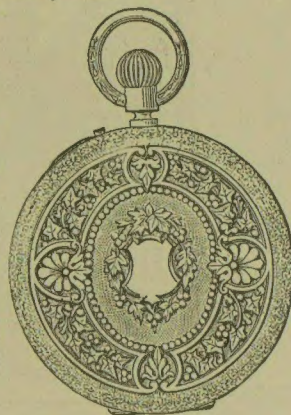
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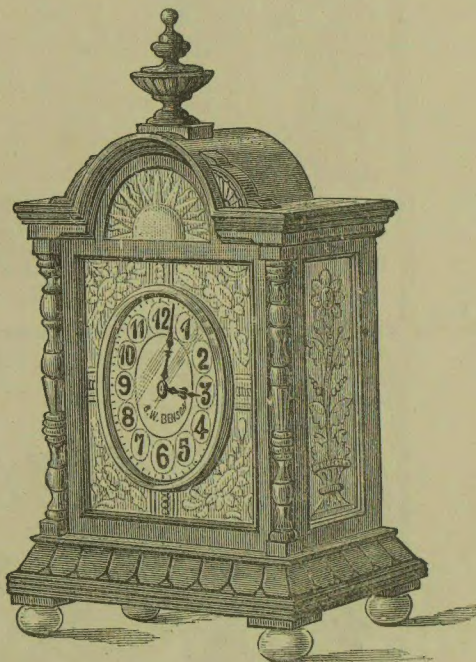
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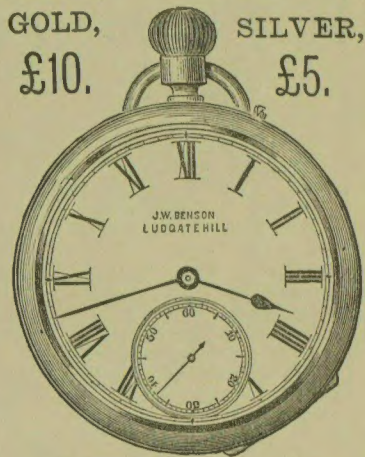
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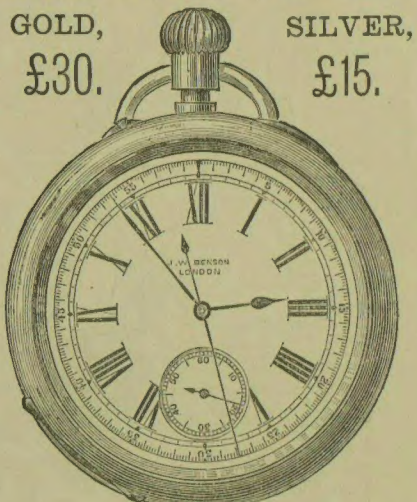


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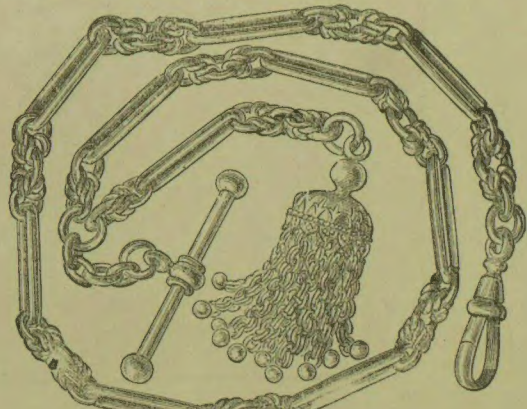
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